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The Pacific

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Sunday-School Libraries.

BY REV. DR. EDWARD STRONG.

EDITOR OF THE PACIFIC: When I was a boy I could carry all the Sunday-school books there were in one hand. The number did not exceed ten or a dozen. Among the first to write books for boys and girls, of good moral tone, were Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth. The latter died in 1849. And yet what glorious models of simplicity, without silliness, and of a loving, attractive, morally healthful spirit, for those who would write for the young, are the parables of Jesus and the writings of John! It is not baby talk. Children themselves soon learn to despise this, as an insult to their understandings. The words of Jesus and of John are full of thought and feeling, yet simple as the prattle of a child.

Of juvenile literature, however, by the year 1850 there were said to be 3,500 works—most of them, indeed, not fit for Sunday-school libraries. For thirty years past hundreds of pens have been at work writing for the young. The number of manuscripts submitted for approval to the American Sunday-school Union, has been almost past belief. Then, if we think also of manuscripts submitted for publication to the London and American Tract Societies, and to the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and other denominational publishing boards, we find the number truly appalling. Happily, all these manuscripts do not see the light. But the number actually printed is very great. And so it has come to pass that many Sunday-school libraries are flooded with literary trash. The imprint of the "American Sunday-school Union," of the "Episcopal," "Methodist," or "Baptist" board, is found no sufficient guarantee of the suitability of the books they publish. Some are too sectarian, others too sensational, others silly, others positively mischievous, nothing more or less than exciting love stories.

Why are so many of these utterly unworthy books in our Sunday-school libraries? Because they were published by Christian Boards, or Christian firms, and the superintendents and committees of local schools, not having time to read all the books they need, have bought many on the presumption that they are good, because of their publishers. This is no sufficient guarantee. Happily, this is now being understood. Associations (voluntary) of Christians, in full sympathy with young life, and hence competent to judge, have therefore been formed in many places, the members pledged to recommend only such books as they have thoroughly read. One of these, evangelical in its spirit, at Cambridge, Mass., has published already several lists of books thus read and approved. Of late, moreover, denominational secretaries have been appointed to push and guide the Sunday-school work in their respective bodies, and these have given attention to the same thing. Hence, reliable lists of good books can now be had. Busy superintendents, pastors, buying committees, have no longer any excuse for getting bad books into their libraries. A letter to Rev. A. E. Dunning, Sabbath-school Secretary of the Congregationalists, Boston, Mass., would secure all requisite information for buyers of Sabbath-school books, and it is impossible to overestimate the importance of a good selection of books for our Sabbath-schools.

Books are companions. Not less than four million of them, at a low estimate, are carried home every week. These are read by not less, probably, than eight million persons, or even ten million, in our country. What an educating power! A power to elevate or depress the taste, morals, entire life of these millions; to bless families or curse them; to save souls or hinder their salvation. This giant power is now so grown as to be beyond control. We can only guide, perhaps harness, it to the chariot of Christ. If so, we should thank God and take courage. To do it should be our purpose and prayer.

The books one reads at any age are confessedly potent for good or evil—more than companions, in some respects. For a companion may be with us at intervals only; a book all the while; at least until finished, and then to give place to one of like character and influence. Thus, the books read by our Sunday-school scholars mould them like living associates. Many books are, in a sense, *live* things, and mould their readers accordingly. Many are *dead* things, and the scholars pass them by. They are mere rubbish on the shelves. Others have nothing in them—empty books from empty heads. To tell a story well requires tact and skill. One fit for a Sabbath-school library should not be a mere love story, or a story whose interest depends on what I may call the "blood and thunder" element. Nor should it be a ghost story, nor one of some good boy or girl thirty years old at three, dying at five or six, because too good to live in our wicked world. Yet a well-told tale to point a moral, to make radiant some beautiful trait of character or habit of a beautiful life, without cutting that life short, may be alike interesting and useful. The heresy that good children are

likely to die young has been taught too long. Empty, insipid books, and books positively mischievous, have often got into Sabbath-school libraries because printed and bound handsomely, and prettily illustrated. While these or other bad books are being read the habit of reading is being formed, and the kind of one's reading determined. Heavy books, of course, are not wanted, be they ever so orthodox and good in their influence. Children will not read them. They cost money and cumber the shelves, but are not wanted by scholars or teachers—like ill-selected libraries on ships, of no interest to the sailors and so never read. A good Sunday-school book must be easily written. If a religious novel, the interest of the book should not center on love, courtship, and marriage, with thrilling descriptions of peril, disappointment, jealousy and revenge. It should not be filled with overdrawn scenes and overdrawn characters. Novels of this class do more harm than good.

One valuable service done by the Sabbath-school libraries, as above stated, is to inspire children with a taste for books, to make readers of them. And as one way to make them content with a simple, healthful diet, is to keep pie and cake off the table, so one way to form in them habits of profitable reading is to keep sensational books out of their hands. Thackeray, the prince of English novelists, calls novels the "sweets of literature." They are what the dessert is to the dinner. They are not to have the chief place. That Bible stories may be so told as to have a charm for children is shown by the "Peep of Day" series of books, by the daughter of the late Bishop Wilson. Boys will even leave their play to listen to them. So stories of biography, of travels, of history, of natural science, may be made interesting to them and instructive; of good religious tone likewise. It may be an amusement to read these stories. The love of fiction is simply the love of being amused. Hence, fiction may be useful in forming habits of reading, and occupying what would be idle hours. For Sabbath-school libraries, it should be allowed only when combining high literary merit with a high religious tone.

What has been said shows the importance of more care in selecting books for Sabbath-schools. Immense mischief, as already said, has been done by the carelessness of buyers. Tastes have been perverted, coarseness and vulgarity, not to add low slang and profane speech, have too often been traced to books read by the scholars. Such are none the less the devil's books and doing his work, because published by a well-meaning society, and bought by a well-meaning committee. They are none the less mischievous because of their beautiful paper, binding and pictures. They are fitter for the fire than for distribution in Sabbath-schools. The moral of what has been written is this: There are now plenty of good books for Sabbath-school libraries, and more bad ones. Buying committees, therefore, appreciating the importance of the duty assigned them, should use all present helps, and all care to do their work wisely. The value of a well-selected library cannot be told, nor the mischief that may result from one of an opposite kind.

Christ's Country Home.

A beautiful Sabbath has dawned upon us; we are away from sanctuary and sanctuary privileges, but what a pleasant place to pass God's holy day! Shut in, as it were, from the noise and confusion of the world outside, the gentle breeze swaying the branches of the tall oaks, the merry songsters of the air, flying from limb to limb, singing sweetly to Him who does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without His notice; the soft ripple of the murmuring waters at my feet, suggestive of the "peace that floweth like the river." Just here I am interrupted. My little boy hands me a book, and wants to know the meaning of a picture. It is Bunyan's picture of the shepherd boy. The sweet countenance of a child is seen gazing upward as he is tending his fathers sheep. The Great Heart is listening to the little fellow as he pours forth these beautiful and expressive words:

"He that is down, need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
"I am content with what I have
Little it be or much,
And Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
"Fulness to such a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little and hereafter bliss
Is best from age to age."

This was in the "Valley of Humiliation," where, in former times, our Saviour loved to be, and where he had his "Country Home."
Bunyan tells us that we can meet with angels here (Hosea. xii: 4-5), find pearls here (Matt. xiii: 4), also the words of life in this valley (Prov. viii: 35). Then "Mercy" steps in, and, with me, thinks it is the best place to stay. "It suits my spirit," for here we can meditate, and like "Mercy," I love to be in such a place, where there are no rumbling wheels.

Bunyan tells us that "men thrive in this Valley of Humiliation," and that it is very fruitful soil, and we that dwell here shall sing for joy. "And just think, our blessed Saviour was here in this 'Country Home'—in this 'Valley of Humiliation.' Methinks I feel his soothing presence just now, and am led to exclaim with the poet:

"I have entered the valley
Of blessings so sweet,
And Jesus has been with
Me there!"

What a pretty idea of Bunyan to place Christ's country home in the lowly "Valley of Humiliation!" And who of us that have been here would not willingly go again?
Amid the scorching heat of summer and the piercing cold of winter—among the busy, bustling crowd where all is confusion—my thoughts would fain turn to this sweet resting place—this beautiful "Country Home" of Jesus in this lowly "Valley of Humiliation." Mrs. E. S.

Reminiscences of Rev. J. W. Douglass, the First Editor and Proprietor of "The Pacific."

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D.D.

We met, as members of the class of '48, in Union Theological Seminary, New York. He became intimately associated with a missionary circle in the class, composed of such men as Abraham, Best, Dodd, Dulles and Parsons. It was understood, toward the close of our course, that he had been accepted by the American Board, with Abraham and Best, to go to Africa. But in the spring of 1848 it became known that, by treaty with Mexico, California had become United States Territory. The American Home Missionary Society very soon determined to send men to explore and report on the new country.

Very little was known of it. Up to that time it was a six-months' journey to reach it. Then, however, it was published that a steamship line was to be put on from New York to the Isthmus, and from Panama northward, touching at the ports all the way up to Astoria.

Mr. Douglass became interested in this mission, and was eventually transferred to it.

The next question was, Who should be associated with him? In the later period of our study, we had become somewhat intimate, and he set his heart upon my coming here with him. I had no idea of doing so, but felt interested enough in this new addition to my country's territory to try to get all the information I could about it—which was not much. Mr. Douglass was a most persistent man in what he undertook, and brought every possible influence to bear to induce me to join him in the mission to California. After our graduation, in June 1848, and before going to Massachusetts, where I expected to settle, I said to him if certain conditions, which I specified, could be complied with, perhaps I might go with him. These conditions were such that I felt quite secure against being called on to meet the question any further.

In the early autumn, however, we were all met in New York, and my appointment was at once made out, on the faith of what I had told Mr. Douglass, and I was asked to accept, and be ready to sail with him in two weeks, on the first steamer to leave for the Isthmus!

This appointment reached me only barely in time to prevent my being so committed where I was that I could not have come. It was no small thing with me to submit to the revolution in my life plans, required to launch forth upon an enterprise that then looked very foreign and very uncertain.

But why not? The steeples were thick in New England, and in this new acquisition to my country we were told there were no churches and no schools. So I replied, "Yes, I'll go," and in two weeks, on Dec. 1, 1848, we sailed together, Mr. Douglass, and myself, on the steamship "Falcon," Capt. Wildes T. Thompson. Then came our better acquaintance—days and weeks of reading and talking and planning together about the new country.

Coasting along down the Atlantic, we stopped at New Orleans, about the middle of December, 1848, where the news of gold in California was made sure by Governor Mason's dispatch, which just then arrived, via the Isthmus. Then came the crowd and turmoil. There Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge joined us, and we sailed down the Mississippi with an excited multitude, facing the unknown of California experience. It was a new and strange and rough experience for us. At Chagres, where we left the *Falcon*, we seemed to part company altogether with home. We two, together, in our "dug-out," rowed and poled by two native negroes, made our way up the Chagres river, against a strong current, from Monday till Friday, when we reached Cruces. There we found several passengers, who had preceded us, sick with cholera. A seething, muddy, filthy place it was, and yet, there we had to bury the dead on Saturday morning. I then left with other parties for Panama, on *Horseback*, and Mr. Douglas remained at Cruces several days to help take care of the sick.

The following week, he came over to Panama, where we had to remain a month, awaiting the arrival of the steamship *California*, which was due around the Horn. There was much sickness among our countrymen in Panama, meanwhile, and we gave our whole time to rendering them what assistance we could. When, at last, the *California* hove in sight, and took us on board, we found ourselves in a fearful crowd. It was then that Mr. Douglass was stricken down with Panama fever. For a time, he was very sick, but as we came up into cooler latitudes he grew better, and by the time he landed in Monterey, Feb. 23, 1849, he was nearly recovered. There we learned that Rev. T. D. Hunt had come over from the Sandwich Islands, and was preaching in San Francisco. Therefore, it was decided that I should remain at Monterey, at that time the capital, and that Mr. Douglass should go to San Jose. So we parted, and each began in his place, as best he could.

Mr. Douglass next set his heart on getting Rev. I. H. Brayton, our mutual friend, to join us. He was successful in this also, and when Mr. Brayton arrived, in 1850, Mr. Douglass left San Jose to him, and himself went to Los Angeles.

He found a very small English-speaking population there at that time, but he remained, doing what he could, and making many friends, some of whom live there yet and remember him to this day. In the spring of 1851 the plan of starting a religious newspaper was debated among us. It was thought that no one could be spared from his field to undertake the work, unless it was Mr. Douglass. After a good deal of correspondence, he consented to come and make the attempt as editor and proprietor of THE PACIFIC, aided in the editorial work by Revs. T. D. Hunt, J. A. Benton, and S. H. Willey.

Mr. Douglass took the field on horseback, acting as corresponding editor and general agent, and at the same time doing the most valuable work of an exploring missionary, preaching two or three times on Sunday.

This severe and toilsome work he prosecuted for some years, persisting in it, as few men would, or could, and under difficulties that none can fully appreciate but those who were then associated with him.

To gather in money fast enough from the widespread mining camps to meet the bills, the cost of paper and printing being simply enormous, was an immense undertaking. At the same time he had to face the men in gambling-saloons, and other haunts of vice, whose business THE PACIFIC was continually exposing.

Many a time he was in great personal danger from this cause, but he was a calm, brave man, and never flinched. Once he had a very narrow escape from violence in Calaveras county, and that only by an appeal to the crowd for the truth and justice of what he had said in his correspondence concerning certain vicious haunts there. They acquitted him by acclamation, and his accusers were put to shame!

There were many questions that divided public opinion sharply in those days, and THE PACIFIC never took doubtful ground, whatever might be thought of it. And Mr. Douglass never lowered his flag before any antagonist.

It seems to me now that the wear and worry of these years of such work were too much for him. During the latter part of the time he felt the presence of discouragement. Perhaps in the growing needs of our several fields we did not always stand by him as we should.

Perhaps there may have been some hereditary tendency to melancholy about him that began then to develop itself. At all events, in the year 1855 he determined to lay down his work, and it was taken up by his friend, Rev. Mr. Brayton. Mr. Douglass then returned East, and has not visited California since, nor has he remained in the ministry, but he went into secular pursuits. Once he entered political life for a short time, and was a member of the New York Legislature, but for the most part he has spent his later years in comparative seclusion. He was a graduate of Yale, a man of good scholarship, and fine taste, as his writings showed.

Mr. Douglass never married, though a man who highly enjoyed the pleasures of domestic life. It was always a wonder to his friends that he did not marry.

He is the first of the earliest editorial staff of THE PACIFIC to fall. Not a great many now here remember him, but they may rest assured that they owe very much of what is good in California to his work in the active years of his life.

The Interior suggests that if the 600,000 Presbyterians should add the one penny saved by the reduction of postage to the widow's two mites, taking it for granted that they write an average of one letter a day, it would add \$1,800,000 to the Lord's treasury in a year!

The efforts of the papers of Columbus and other parts of Georgia to bring the cent coins into circulation in that State are meeting success, and merchants are beginning to use them in trade.

"Cumbered With a Load of Care."

"Thou art careful and troubled about many things."

Some lessons are harder to learn than others.

I have often wished I knew how long a time it took St. Paul to "learn in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content." How many times he had to go over the same lesson before he "got it by heart." Who knows? But then, it is generally believed that he was a bachelor and had no one to care for but himself, &c., he had no family cares. To be sure, he speaks of "that which came upon him daily, the care of all the churches." No small care, indeed!

But herein is a paradox. To be charged with responsibilities—to have trials and wants to be provided for, to have the care of a family, the training of children, to have a sick husband, or wife, or child, and, and inadequate strength to take proper care of them; to be poor as well as to have a great variety of responsible duties on hand, and not to be careful—how can all this be reconciled with the apostolic injunction, to "be careful for nothing," and with the Savior's interdiction, "take no thought for the morrow," &c.?

There must be some way of harmonizing these seemingly contradictory precepts. What is the antidote to the care prohibited?

Surely, we are not forbidden a wise and prudent forecast as to the wants of ourselves and families. We are not to ignore possible dangers and exigencies that may arise. "The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."

We surely should not sit down in stoical indifference and trust for "something to turn up." We may not even "trust Providence" in neglect of precaution and provision. We must "provide for our own household," else we have "denied the faith." It is pitiable to see good people and even good ministers drift along and exhaust current income in current expenses, perhaps with some prodigality, and lay by nothing for a "rainy day" or for certain demands of the future, presuming on Providence or charity. But there are other species of care which are forbidden and are consuming. We may not be careful to be rich. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in perdition and destruction."

We should not be careful with carping, caviling, fault finding, censuring petulant others, perhaps with,

"Not a tooth or nail to catch;
And at their actions carp and scratch."

We should not worry and forebode, nor fret nor be "of a doubtful mind." God's blessed Word furnishes the only effectual antidote to forbidden care. God's providence for us affords ground of rest. "Cast all your care on Him, for He careth for you." "He feedeth the ravens." "The young lions—He feedeth them." "All things work together for good to them that love God"—a great army of "things" "working together for us"—God superintending these busy workers.

Prayer is the resort and the repose of the soul from distressing care. "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be made unto God; and the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

Plan, do and suffer—"heartily as unto the Lord"—that will sweeten all and give "rest to the weary." Thus:

"Careful without care I am;
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile."

"Serve with careful Martha's hands
And loving Mary's heart.
God's Word! O, how rich in counsel
And comfort: 'Take heed and be quiet.' 'Fret not thyself.' 'The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.' 'Fear not, neither be discouraged.' 'Take hold of my strength.' 'For with-cast me ye can do nothing.' 'And lo I am with you always.'"

"O, wherefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong—
That we are ever overcome with care,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee!"

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vene at an early hour; and so come the night before, and prepare for a full day's work. We shall hope to hear from all our auxiliaries in the morning. In the evening Rev. C. A. Savage will preside. The reports of the officers of our Board will be given, and we are to have addresses by Dr. McLean and Dr. Barrows.

Special Rates to Santa Cruz.

We learn that arrangements have been made for reduced rates to Santa Cruz, due notice of which will be found in another column. We hope none who wish to go will be obliged to stay at home for financial or other reasons.

Heirs to Sacrifice.

WRITTEN BY A SISTER OF MISS STARKWEATHER.

[Suggested by the words of Mrs. Moses Smith, President of the W. B. M. I.: "We are heirs to sacrifice as well as inheritance."]

Elder Brother, risen Lord,
Praise to thee our souls accord,
For the hope that we may be
Heirs of God, joint heirs with thee,
To a glory undimmed,
Like the heart of little child;
All untold by tongue or pen,
Far beyond our mortal ken.

Dear Redeemer, at what cost
Thou didst come to save the lost;
Lost in sin and lost to shame,
Of whatever race or name,
Thou didst weep 'er all our woe,
Though thy sorrow none could know,
And didst, suffering, pay the price,
Sacrifice, sacrifice.

Heirs of God? Yes, if so be
That we suffer, Lord, with thee,
That thy cross we help to bear,
That thy burdens we, too, share,
That our all we consecrate,
Working early, working late,
Loving, honoring thee, the Son,
Then our heritage is one.

What to us earth's fame or fraud,
Gilded toy or tinsel gaud?
What its pleasures, what its gain,
But a harvesting of pain?
What is all we may endure
For thy sake, so sweetly pure,
To the glory that may be
Veiled in us till then we see?

When for us life's toil is o'er,
When moons wax and wane no more,
When the skies are parched and rolled,
And the sun itself grown cold,
Thou, despised, rejected, here,
In thy brightness shalt appear;
Of the travail shalt thou see,
Satisfied forever be.

Sharing not the work or woe
Which so filled thy heart below,
Could we walk with thee in white,
In thy presence take delight?
How our dwarfed souls would ink!
In heaven's crown a thorn would lurk;
How could we stand bearing palms,
Joining in the holy psalms?

Oh! thy word comes now with power:
"Gird not with me one hour?"
And again: "Arise and pray,
Lest ye feel the tempter's sway."
Though thou turn thy pitying eye,
Giving hope of pardon nigh,
Small atonement, bitter tears,
For the waste of life's best years.

We recall thy lowly birth,
All thy hallowed walk on earth;
See thee in the shop and mart,
In the desert place apart,
Working for thy daily bread,
Seeking where to lay thy head,
Teaching, healing, day by day,
Showing us the heavenly way.

Shall we follow in thy lead
Only through the flowery mead?
Leave thee when the mighty scorn
Help to set the cruel thorn,
Plat the crown and thrust the spear,
Shout the insult in thy ear?
Or by silence thee deny,
Jesus, King, now throned on high?

By thy hour of dread despair,
Ask we now thy work to share;
By thy lifted, blessing hands,
Ask to speed thy last commands.
Elder Brother, risen Lord,
Praise to thee our souls accord,
For the hope that we may be
Heirs to sacrifice with thee.

M. A. C.

Woman's Influence in Missions.

If anybody has an idea that the women's societies are sending too many missionaries, or doing too much for the heathen women, let them listen to what a man of thirty years' experience on the field has to say about it. At a recent Presbyterian missionary meeting in this city, Mr. Thackwell gave a history of the progress of missions in India for the thirty-three years he had spent in that country. He said: "Since woman's work began, the progress has been immeasurably greater; for the work done by the lady missionaries could not be done by the men. The doors, in the case of heathen women, were barred against the men. Many years the work was one-sided, all for the men and boys. Since it had been extended to the women and girls the progress of evangelization had been greatly accelerated. Woman was doing her work to-day, even without the recognition and encouragement its importance deserves." He might have added, had he been conversant with the state of things in this country, that the missionary spirit had been awakened in our churches as never before, by the women's societies. And the work demanded of them by the Master, for heathen women, is only begun.—[Standard.]

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

President, Miss LUCY M. FAX, 1312 Taylor Street, San Francisco.
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The tenth anniversary of the "Woman's Board of Missions" will be held in connection with the meetings of the General Association, in Santa Cruz on Wednesday, Oct. 10th.

Our anniversary exercises are to be held on Wednesday, Oct. 10th. We are to have a morning and an evening session, and our morning session will con-

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How Little Bessie Fell Asleep.

Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and shivering, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night.
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you are working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said.
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wished he'd come and take me
In his arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened
In a field, where lambs and sheep,
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see,
And I wondered if he saw me,
If he'd speak to such as me.
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing—oh, how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here, my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me—
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me, I would go—
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer—
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night!

And her mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near to rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep.

Spiritualism Outdone.

Robert Houdin, juggler, went by royal command to Saint Cloud, to give a show, as he relates in his "Confidences," before Louis Philippe and his family. In the course of this show he borrowed six handkerchiefs from the audience. Then various members of the audience wrote down on slips of paper the names of places whither they would like the handkerchiefs to be transported. This done, the conjurer asked the King to choose three of these slips at random, and from the three to select the place he preferred.

"Come," said Louis Philippe, "let us see what is on this slip." "I should like them to be found under one of the candlesticks on the mantelpiece." That is too easy for a wizard, let us try again. "I should like them to be found on the dome of the Invalides." That is too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us! Ah! you will, I fear, find it difficult to comply with the request on the last slip. "The request was that the handkerchiefs should be found in the box of the last orange tree on the right hand at the avenue at Saint Cloud. The conjurer expressed his readiness to comply with the request, and the King immediately sent off a party of men to keep guard over the orange tree. The conjurer put the handkerchiefs under a bell of thick glass, waved his wand, took up the bell, and showed a white dove in place of the handkerchiefs. Then the King, with a skeptical smile, sent orders to the head gardener to open the box of the orange tree chosen, and to bring whatever he might find there. "Si toutefois il y trouve quelque chose." This was done, and presently there was brought in an iron coffer, covered with rust.

"Well!" cried the King, "here we have the coffer. Are the handkerchiefs in it?" "Yes, sir," replied Robert Houdin, they have been found a long time. "A long time when it is only a quarter of an hour since they were given to you?"

"What, sir, would be the use of magic if it could not perform impossible feats? Your majesty will be surprised when I prove to you that the coffer and its contents have been in the box of the orange tree for sixty years."

The king now observed that a key was needed to open the box. Robert Houdin asked him to take the key, which was hung by a ribbon round the white dove's neck. This was a key as rusty as the coffer which it opened, and the first thing found in the coffer was a parchment bearing these words:

"To-day, June 6, 1786. This iron coffer, holding six handkerchiefs, has been placed amid the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to aid the accomplishment of a magical feat which will be done this day sixty years, before Louis Philippe, of Orleans and his family."

Too Much Sugar.

A mother often complains that her child is troubled greatly with a sour stomach; but this case is no longer mysterious when the mother, to quiet the little one that she can continue her account of the case, sets down before her a little dish of sugar, from which the child may help itself. Most mothers would give candy or a cookie instead, though some feed their children lumps of sugar from the bowl, believing that the children need sugar, and might better have it in that form than in any other. In any case of this kind there is a very frequent call for water.

Do you know how vinegar is made? You can get plenty of it by simply mixing sugar or molasses with water and keeping it warm. A sour taste in the mouth after eating sweets, is of very

common occurrence. It is the acid caused by the fermentation of the sugar left in the mouth, with the saliva that causes the decay of children's teeth—this and lack of bone-forming material in the daily food. Vinegar "eats" lime, as one can tell by leaving an egg in vinegar. Bits of sugar or candy left to ferment among the teeth destroy their enamel, as well as do pickles. The child that is fed on sweets naturally craves pickles as an antidote, but well-fed children are contented with plain nourishing food if properly prepared and sufficiently varied. Many imagine that all children should have free access to both sugar and pickles in order to supply what they suppose to be natural cravings, and to prevent thefts of sugar from the family bowl. A mistaken policy.—[Faith Rochester, in American Agriculturist for October.

Jesse Lee's Wit.

Rev. Jesse Lee, one of the early Methodist preachers of Virginia, was possessed of a liberal share of ready wit. It is related of him that one day as he was riding along the road, two young limbs of the law rode up, one on each side of him, proposing to have fun at his expense, he soon discovered their purpose. One asked him whether he wrote his sermons or preached extempore. Being told that his sermons were extempore, the lawyer inquired, "Do you not often make mistakes then?"

"Yes, sometimes," was the reply. "What do you do then? Do you stop to correct them?"

"Sometimes I do and sometimes I do not," said Lee; "for instance the other day I went to quote the passage 'All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns, etc.' and by a slip of the tongue, I quoted 'all lawyers, etc.' but I thought the difference so slight I did not stop to make any correction."

Nettled at this hit, one of them said to him: "I doubt whether you are more fool or knave."

The preacher, looking keenly first at one and then at the other, dryly said: "I believe I am between the two"—utterly discomfited, they rode rapidly on and left the preacher victor on the field.—[Selected.

The Question of Longfellow's Originality.

In his striking essay on Longfellow, in the October Century, E. C. Steadman says: "Reviewing our survey of his work, I observe that each of his best known efforts has led to the mention of prose or verse by some other hand which it resembles. In view of the possible inference, we now may ask, was Longfellow, then, with his great reputation and indisputable hold upon our affections, not an original poet? It must be acknowledged, at the outset, that few poets of his standing have profited more openly by examples that suited their taste and purpose. The evidence of this is seen not in merely three or four, but in a great number of his productions—in his briefest lyrics, in his elaborate narrative poems. Like greater bards before him, he was a good borrower. Dependence on his equipment led to unconscious assimilation of his treasures. But originality is more than one kind. As we say of some people that they have a genius for friendship, so his sympathy with the beautiful, wherever he found it, was unique and paramount to a special inspiration. The proof of his originality, however, even where he was least inventive, hardly requires this paradox; it did not consist in word or motive, but in the distinctive tone of the singer, the sentiment of voice which made his performances in a sense new songs; in an air, a suffused quantity, which rendered every phrase unmistakable. If he borrowed freely, he was freely drawn upon by others in their turn. Scores of followers have caught a manner that shows to poor advantage when transferred; but his position for years, at the head of even a sentimental school, indicated that Longfellow was not without a genius of his own."

Religion in Daily Life.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new uses. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention, but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have understood a long while and know much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telephonic medium to give invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work. Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but it is impossible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens—medical doctors who took their religion into every day life; Dr. John Abernethy, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer; Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying recently under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh, talking to me about Christ and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were. Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairn, the Queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority in Great Britain—Lord Cairn every summer in his vacation preached as an evangelist among the poor of his country. And John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States and President of the American Sunday-school Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as they are eminent at the bar. Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he estab-

lished that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then—himself, as I know him well, in moral character A. I. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any special troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan, I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now; and other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge, in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell, in the shipping business, Peter Cooper, in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were. Farmers who took their religion into their occupation. Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship-chandler; Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the ax sound in the grand march of our national industries. Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking-house, your factory, your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You scarcely know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset Cavalry, and the Kent's Infantry, and the Royal regiments, and the Scots Greys, and the Guards. Who knows, if only the day was won?—[Dr. Talmage, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for October.

Time to Think.

"One of the most common defects in the training of girls," writes a mother who has proved her right to be a counselor in this important work, "is that they are not brought up to live alone, to stay at home in their own minds." From babyhood they are watched, tended, noticed, guarded, never left alone. Even young infants are not so much as permitted to think out the mysteries of a rattle-knob, but are tossed up, their little trains of thought interrupted, their solitude continually invaded. Let a little girl be left to herself hours of every day, near to loving friends who have some other occupation than watching and advising her, and she will invent boundless resources and never be so happy. Solitude is a necessity to the formation of character.

There is food for reflection in these words for all who have the care of children. The privilege of solitude is not enjoyed by many children of either sex in our towns and cities. If they are not mingling in the exciting labors or sports of the crowded schools, they are playing in the streets, or with their mates in their own homes; some social diversion fills up nearly all the leisure hours of every day; and when there are no playmates at hand the mother must give up her time to their amusements. Too much company, too much watching, too much effort to direct every thought and action of the child, too little opportunity for the development of its own individuality—doubtless these are reasons for the feebleness of many characters.

Indeed most of the young people of our larger towns become wholly incapable of spending any time by themselves. The moment their companions are out of sight and the effort to direct them has ceased, they are restless and miserable. Nothing but an exciting novel will reconcile them to existence. This is largely due, no doubt, to the attraction of social sport which takes hold so strongly of the nature of active young people; but it is also the result of the two persistent watchfulness of parents in the child's earliest years, by which the child is never left to itself or taught to prize the sweet delights of solitude.

This is one of the disadvantages which the children of the cities are obliged to undergo. The country boys and girls have much time to themselves, and while their minds often lack the alertness that is produced by the brisk social commerce of the cities, it is possible that they sometimes gain in vigor and power of concentration more than they lose in nimbleness and wit. The fact is that the majority of men and women who are at the head of affairs in the nation were trained in the country, and while their success is largely due to the fact they learned to work in their youth, it is due in part, no doubt, to the fact that they had in their days a good deal of time to think.—[Good Company.

Farming in Dalecarlia, Sweden.

Rise when you like in the morning, you will find the farmer already at work. In the heat of the high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door-jamb or is stuck in the shingles of the low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after the work is done in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the courtyard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the operation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner, lolled in the same water. The meal is a single one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, and perhaps some dried or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they all sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground-floor are chairs made of hollow tree-trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks turn up, folding legs against the side of the room, and there are bunks in the wall, with curiously carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping-block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded dry bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper. To lighten up the dull-toned interior the

farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the Bibles and hymn books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low window, where the green-tinted glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer-mug, the old hand-mangles, and the saddle-bows are carved in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack with the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon, which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.—[Harper's Magazine for October.

Here and There.

Dakota papers note the killing of a stray buffalo as a very rare event. Ten years ago their numbers were almost incredible, but, like the Indians, they have disappeared before the advance of civilization.

The 200th anniversary of the defeat of the Turks at Vienna and the effective check of their martial power in Europe by John Sobieski, King of Poland, was celebrated last week by Poles all over the world.

Count Moltke is heading a temperance movement in Germany which aims at moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages. It is a movement in favor of temperance, in the literal sense, rather than total abstinence.

The Y. M. C. A. of Philadelphia rejoices in being relieved of its floating debt. The sum of \$200,000 has been raised by zealous effort. Mr. John Wamaker contributing \$50,000 and friends in New York city \$70,000 to the amount.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have appropriated the whole of the \$300,000 marks, about \$207,500, subscribed by the nation as a testimonial on the occasion of their silver wedding, to various benevolent and sanitary institutions.

The late Charles Harris, of Boston, leaves the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the Sunday-School Union, and the Children's Aid Society of New York residuary legatees of his estate, with power to spend only the income.

The number of deaths in New York city during August was 2,914, being a decrease of 341 from the corresponding month of 1882, and of 493 from that of 1881. A part of this is owing to the cool weather, but a part also, doubtless, to better sanitary supervision.

In speaking of Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, the Indian representative of the Brama Somaj, now in this country, Dr. Wayland, of the "National Baptist," says that "word Chunder means 'the son of,' resembling Von in German, Mac in Scotch, O' in Irish, and Ap in Welsh."

The Christian Observer of Louisville, Ky., is happy over the completion of the seventieth year of its existence. It began its career at the suggestion of the late Dr. Archibald Alexander of Philadelphia, under the name of the Religious Remembrancer.

Two Georgia farmers near Savannah, who have started a rose-farm of three acres, have this year sold 220,000 roses in the North for from \$10 to \$20 a hundred, and have had orders for 50,000 which they could not fill. They believe that Georgia has a better climate for this industry than the south of France.

The telephone, which is used extensively in India, and is maintained by the Government in places too poor to sustain a telegraph office, is a constant source of wonder and interest to the natives. One dignified Brahmin, to whom its mysteries were fully explained, remarked, "Yes, I think I understand; but does it speak Marathi?"

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, accompanied by Messrs. McGlashan and White, leave this country early next month for evangelical work in Great Britain. They intend to begin in the south of Ireland, which greatly needs such work, and where, though the population is strongly Roman-Catholic, they expect a civil treatment.

A street railroad car was lately propelled by electricity for 30 miles through the principal streets of Paris without any accident or frightening of horses. It was brought to a standstill without any trouble within a second, and its speed was 9½ miles an hour on level ground and 5½ on an ascent. Its estimated cost is one-half that of horse-cars.

The language used on the island Fernando Po is called the Bubi.

It would be easier to endow a fool with intellect than to persuade him that he had none.

Men who have little business are great talkers. The more one thinks the less one speaks.

Prof. Ginsburg's report to the librarian of the British Museum on the so-called MS. of Deuteronomy is sufficiently explicit. It begins thus: "Dear Mr. Bond, the manuscript of Deuteronomy which Mr. Shapira submitted to us for examination is a forgery."

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION. The Southern Exposition at Louisville was opened August 1st, by President Arthur. It was organized entirely by Louisville people, who subscribed nearly \$300,000 to put the enterprise on its feet. This was done in the fall of 1882. The exposition is larger than any other ever held in America, except in the Centennial, and in some respects is more perfect than that was, as for instance, in the machinery department. The main building is 900 by 600 feet, and covers thirteen acres of ground. The annexes are numerous and large. The saw mill annex is 400 by 75 feet, and the annex for the display of wagons and carriages is 250 by 100. The art gallery is the most popular and remarkable of the annexes. The display of electric lights is the largest ever made in the world. In the main building alone there are 4,600 Edison incandescent lights of sixteen-candle power each.

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1883.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

John W. Douglass, the first proprietor and editor of THE PACIFIC, died of congestive chills, at his home in Hreiker county, N. Y., on the 24th of September, at the age of 65. We knew him slightly in college as one of a class in advance of ours. He graduated, with a respectable standing, from Yale College in 1840. After an interval of three or four years spent in teaching and travel, he studied theology, and graduated from the Union Seminary in New York, in 1848. In the late autumn of that year he started, with others, for this Coast, as a Home Missionary; and was on his way here before confirmatory news of the discovery of gold had reached the East. That news he met on his way hither (at New Orleans), via the Isthmus of Panama and the steamer due at that port (from around the Horn) in January, 1849. He reached this city early in March. The Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, who died here a few months ago, was a passenger of the same ship, as was the Rev. Dr. Willey, who, however, left the steamer at Monterey, and was there till June, 1850. Dr. Woodbridge went immediately to Benicia, and located there. Mr. Douglass proceeded to San Jose, and located there. The Presbyterian church of that city was formed under his ministry, which continued about two years. When, in the spring of 1851, the Congregational and Presbyterian ministers and brethren of the State agreed to start a religious paper, conjointly, he was induced to undertake the enterprise as proprietor and editor-in-chief. He had good business qualifications, understood the situation, and could write well. Through four years of doubt, difficulty and toil, he conducted THE PACIFIC with tact, skill and success. But the task was severe, the strain was great, and he felt that he could no longer endure the labor. So, in the autumn of 1855, he parted with his interest in the paper, resigned the editorship, and left the State (as it proved) to return no more. Mr. Douglass was not a very robust man. His nervous system, in particular, lacked fiber. He was easily shocked and readily depressed; but his high purpose and strong will carried him through many dark days and trying scenes and weary years. He had a fine sensibility, a touch of romance, and a poetic vein in his nature. And so, after a little, the excitement, hurry, change and hurrah of California life irked and pained him, and made him long for seener air, quieter regions, and people of more repose.

He felt, also, more and more, that he must still comfort and cheer the loving mother whose steps tottered, and whose darling son he had been all his early life. To her and the 'old farm' he went back. He never married. He never found himself capable of entering anew on a professional career. He did literary work, went to the Legislature, served his country in some special ways during the civil war, nursed his physical infirmities, and rounded a life of unobtrusive well-doing, to which his California experience was a kind of brief and brilliant episode. The tidings of his death came to us with surprise as well as pain. We had not heard of any alarming illness. His age was not such as to indicate an impending decease. After long years our PACIFIC circle (broken but once before) opens, that it may shorten in. This passing away is an admonishment. We do not sigh for our brother's sake. We only condole with the friends that survive him, grieve for the world that has lost him, and sorrow for ourselves that we shall see his face no more, amid the scenes of time.

The very heavy rain of September 30, 1882, was without precedent in the experience of modern Californians; but the rather heavy rain of Sept. 29, 1883, was not without one predecessor. This has been a beautiful rain, though so little expected, and not much desired. The year's vintage has not been more than half gathered, and the raisin-making is far from being completed. This latter interest will suffer, no doubt, but the anguished grapes will escape serious injury, unless there should be more rainy days soon. Not much grain was caught exposed, we hear. The early wetting of 1882 made the agriculturists more prompt and careful than formerly. The sweet, clean face of nature, and the bright green of the trees after washing made the land-

scape very enjoyable Sunday and Monday last, linking September and October.

The Hon. Mr. Glascock, who was chosen on the general ticket last fall one of our Congressmen, left a few days ago for the East, to visit a little, and be on hand early at Washington. He is high in office for the first time in his life. He graduated from the College of California, about twenty years ago. He is a young man of good character, traits, and abilities, and will try to do his constituents excellent service. We have hopes of him since his impulses are so worthy, and his ambitions so just, though his politics are not to our liking. But we shall not expect him to be an extreme partisan, and shall hope that his influence over his own party will be restraining and elevating; and also of weight in securing justice and good legislation for the Pacific Coast. We wish him in these ways the best success.

The failure of a jury in this city to convict a criminal is commonly, and to our shame, expected. It used to be said among lawyers, as a joke, that no one but the Omnipotent could foretell the verdict of a petit jury—whatever the evidence. The same can be said concerning almost any jury in San Francisco, though the probabilities favor acquittal. No sane man doubts the guilt of J. S. Gray, of embezzlement. And yet, last week, in the face of proofs most convincing, one man stood out, hung the jury, instead of himself, and left the case to be tried over again. No wonder the wretched man disappeared the moment the court adjourned after discharging the jury. Whether he felt mean and cheaply sold we do not know, but his price will not be high in days to come, and it is to be hoped that he will migrate to Alaska, and take his chances in the fur trade.

The managers of the older transcontinental lines of railway have been together in this city, to agree upon the place the North Pacific line, now completed, shall have in the general combination. They have executed their task, had a holiday, and gone to their homes. By the arrangement made business and travel feel only a ripple. Prices are not lowered, nor is time shortened. After a while, though, these may come, if the Northern Pacific shall show that it is a shorter and better winter route than the Southern Pacific. We hope the day is not distant when the fare shall be but \$100 across the continent—no matter to what point East of the Mississippi. By and by the Canadian Pacific (still shorter and more level than the North Pacific) will be finished, and then there will be another conference, perhaps with results more auspicious than any reached of late.

An esteemed brother, whose paper was printed in these columns a short time ago, said: "If the tenth chapter of Romans be inspired, I defy any man to produce an instance of a person led to saving faith without the testimony of the oral word of Christ." That gives a strong, but perhaps unguarded, utterance to the writer's conviction of the value of the close personal communication made by one mind to another in articulate speech. We cannot suppose he intended to mean that the written word is not also "the engrafted word which is able to save the soul." The Bible and the tract and the book have in them also the wonderful seed. We were reminded, too, of the saving power there is in the letter of friend to friend, by what we read in an obituary of a daughter of ex-Judge Strong: "Like Harlan Page, she adopted letter-writing as her chosen method of serving the Master, and like him she had frequent occasion to rejoice over answers which came back by way of the mercy seat."

The Rev. Baldwin Brown, in the London *Christian World*, writes concerning three conquering faiths, beginning thus: "Looked at from the point of history, there are three great religious faiths which stand out from all others, and may be said to divide between them the mastery of the world—Buddhism, Islam and Christianity. These three faiths are distinctly aggressive and conquering; they have spread widely beyond the countries that gave them birth. They all aim at universal dominion, and they all show a remarkable capacity for imposing their religious ideas on all manner of peoples in all regions of the world." And more of this sort. However, the article is well written, and closes in a fine way to the honor of Christianity. Articles of this kind, good as they may be, and true as far as they go, leave, after all, a false impression. In this way: They deal with half truths. All is not said. The ethics of Buddhism, theoretically, are very good, and some of its doctrines true. So of Mohammedanism. But now, such an institution as polygamy flourishes under each of these religions, and women are of little account where

these religions are dominant, and the actual practical morality of the masses of the people is horrible. Let us be careful how we impliedly commend such religions.

The statements made at the ordination in this city, last Thursday, concerning the infancy and childhood of the candidate were deeply interesting, and very suggestive. The child had been consecrated much as young Samuel of the Bible was. His earliest remembrances were of the hour of prayer, with mother and sister. His Christian experience began with the dawn of intelligence. He could not remember when he was not a Christian. He had no conversion, in the technical sense. There was no room for one. It had been anticipated by prevent grace. Through the Christian household the child grew up into the Church. His nature never blossomed into the cold, deforming air of the world, to await some scene of transplantation. The conscious moral action began aright, under holy nurture and the operation of the Holy Spirit. Why may not this be so in other households, and in ever-increasing numbers? We commend to all parents a small volume, on "Christian Nurture," by the late Dr. Horace Bushnell.

Even so pronounced and ardent an advocate of the theory of evolution as Dr. Youmans of the *Popular Science Monthly* says, in the current number, referring to Dr. Dawson's paper read so lately at Minneapolis: "It is undeniable that these difficulties are many and formidable, and it will, no doubt, take a long time to clear them up, while the solution of still unresolved problems will very possibly result in important modifications of the theory as now entertained."

How many good sermons were preached by noble Christian men in New York City last Sabbath evening! But while they are passed in silence, the utterances of a demoralized minister, who has no standing and whose opinions about the Bible ought not to have any weight with any one, are telegraphed away across the continent. What good does it do for our newspapers to give to their readers the points in the lecture of "Adirondack" Murry, in Chickering Hall, last Sunday evening? Why help such a man to expose his shame and sin? Have the opinions that he professes to hold made him a good, useful and happy man? Will they serve the best interest of any one? Let the thoughts of good men, who love God and their fellow-men, be sent out over the telegraphic wires to the ends of the earth, but let the ravings of madness and folly die with their utterance.

Another of those terrible powder manufacture disasters occurred last Saturday afternoon at the California Powder Company's works, near Pinole Station, in Contra Costa county, which caused the death of thirty-four men, all Chinamen but one. How it happened only two poor Chinamen are alive to tell. Is there no way to diminish these fearful fatalities. The General Manager of this company, Mr. Powning, is an old friend and a careful, prudent man, and we are sure takes every precaution for the protection of his employees in this dangerous business.

At the unvailing of the "Statue of Germania" at Niederwald on the Rhine, last Friday, Sept. 28th, Emperor William delivered the following most Christian address. "When Providence desires to signify his will with regard to mighty events upon earth, he selects the time, countries and instruments to accomplish his purpose. The years 1870 and 1871 were a time when such purpose was indicated. Our threatened Germany rose in its love for the fatherland as one man, and, with three Princes at the head, stood in arms as the instrument of the Almighty, who conducted these armies, after sanguinary conflicts, from victory to victory, and united Germany took its place in the history of the world. Millions of hearts have raised their prayers to God and given him humble thanks, praising him for esteeming us worthy of accomplishing his will. Germany, to the remotest time, desires to give constant expression to this feeling of gratitude, and in this sense the monument standing before us was erected. In words spoken at the laying of the foundation stone, words which my late father, after the wars of liberation of 1813 to 1815, bequeathed in iron to posterity, I dedicate this monument 'to the fallen, a memorial to the living, an acknowledgment to coming generations, and a source of emulation.' My God vouchsafe it."

On concluding his address the Emperor unveiled the monument. He then shook hands with each of the Princes. When the Emperor concluded his speech amid the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, and cheering of people, the great blue silk covering of the statue was dropped, the Crown Prince Frederick William, bending his knee, seized and kissed the Emperor's hand; whereupon the father and son embraced and kissed each other, amid tremendous cheering. The Emperor then shook hands with Gen. Von Moltke, while the hands joined in the hymn *Heil der un Siegeskranz und Wacht am Rhein*. The total cost of the statue of Germania is over one million marks. The inscription upon the monument says: "In memory of the unanimous and victorious rising of the German people and re-establishment of the German Empire 1870-71."

Ordination of Rev. Herbert Macy.

Last Thursday, September 27th, was a red-letter day in the history of the Green-street Congregational church in this city. For some time past this church has been without the ministrations of any settled pastor. On the recommendation of Rev. Dr. E. C. Bissell, the first pastor of this church, Rev. Herbert Macy, recently graduated from Hartford, Conn., was invited to fill the pulpit for four months, but before half the time had expired he was invited to become the settled pastor. Hence, special services for examination, ordination and installation, which were of the most pleasant, satisfactory and auspicious character. At 3:30 p. m., the Council invited by the church was called to order by Rev. Dr. Beckwith of this city. He read the letter missive, and on motion was elected Moderator of the Council. After he had read a portion of Scripture, Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., invoked the divine presence, guidance and blessing. Rev. George Morris was elected Scribe. The roll being called, it was found that all the churches invited were represented, viz., the First, Plymouth, Third and Bethany of San Francisco, the First, Second and Plymouth-avenue of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and Petaluma. All the ministers invited were also present, viz., Rev. Dr. Stone, Rev. John Kimball, Rev. Dr. Warren and Rev. Dr. Benton. Besides these there were very many others, ministers and friends, assembled to show their interest and good will on this happy occasion. The official papers of the church and society relating to the call extended to Mr. Macy were read, as was also Mr. Macy's letter of acceptance, together with his letter of church membership and approbation to preach. The Council then proceeded to the examination of the candidate. Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, so long the honored pastor of the First church in this city, asked the privilege of making a remark, when he stated that, in 1854, while pastor of the Park-street church, Boston, it was his pleasure to unite in marriage the parents of the candidate, and he was glad to testify that he knew Mr. Macy was of most excellent parentage. Mr. Macy then gave statements as to his early life, Christian experience, call to the ministry and doctrinal belief, together with answers to the different questions propounded by members of the Council. These were all of a very interesting, clear and satisfactory character, and were very highly spoken of by many present. The Council unanimously voted the papers and examination satisfactory, and proceeded to arrange for the ordination and installation services to be held in the evening.

The ladies of the church had prepared a sumptuous, elegant, and, in fact, it was called a royal dinner, for the members of the Council and other friends. The tables were beautifully decorated and heavily laden with substantial and delicacies, that were most tempting. Rev. M. M. Gibson, D. D., pastor of the U. P. Church in this city, who had manifested his sympathy and fraternal feeling by being present at the session of the Council, presided at this social part of the services. After God's blessing had been asked, those present proceeded to enjoy the creature comforts which had been so bountifully prepared, and a happy season of social intercourse ensued. At 7:30 a large congregation assembled in the church for the services of ordination and installation. The Moderator of the Council, Rev. Dr. Beckwith, presided. The result of Council was presented by the Scribe. The Invocation prayer was offered by Rev. John Kimball, a former pastor of Green-street church. Rev. W. F. Furman, of Petaluma, a classmate of Mr. Macy's, read the Scriptures. The prayer of Ordination was then offered by Rev. Dr. Stone in a deeply tender and touching manner, accompanied by the laying on of hands by several of the ministers present.

Rev. C. D. Barrows, D. D., gave the Right-hand of Fellowship, accompanied by a very appropriate and beautiful address, welcoming the new pastor to this State and city, to the churches, and especially to this church, and exhorted him to continue in close communion with the divine Lord, and ever to bear in mind that he (the pastor) would be remembered here and beyond by the things that he did. Rev. Dr. Beckwith, with great earnestness and much pathos, then gave the charge to the pastor. Only very briefly touching upon several points, he proceeded to emphasize others, such as, that as a minister he was commissioned, not of Christ, and must preach Christ, not philosophies, but Christ—Christ, the only Saviour for perishing sinners and a lost world. He must take care of his body, of his health, of his mind, of his studies. Rev. W. C. Pond then proceeded to deliver the charge to the people in a deeply earnest and impressive manner, charging them to take care of their new pastor, to work with him, and ever let him feel that they were assisting him with their prayers and all the help they could give in different ways to aid in carrying on his work, their work, the Lord's work, in the church and community.

The newly ordained and installed pastor, Rev. Herbert Macy, pronounced the benediction, after which there was a season of congratulations and hearty hand-shaking, and the memorable engagements and services of the day came to an end. This account would be very incomplete if we failed to specially note the excellent music by the choir of the First church, and the very choice and beautiful floral decorations arranged by the ladies of the church, and, in conclusion, the very hopeful and auspicious manner in which this pastorate has commenced, with every prospect of long continuance and most successful work.

When men grow old they become more foolish and more wise.

Council at Woodland.

Representatives of three churches out of five invited assembled at Woodland Sept. 28th, at the request of the Congregational church there, to review their proceedings in the matter of the resignation of the pastor. The churches were the First Congregational, Oakland, Third Congregational, San Francisco; and Plymouth Ave. Congregational, Oakland. Dr. McLean was Moderator, and Prof. Moor Scribe. The following is a copy of the result adopted.

It is seldom that a council is called to review the proceedings in the dismissal of a pastor, where, while only one result is to be reached, that result is so much and on so many accounts to be regretted; for this pastorate of a single year has been exceptionally happy already in its consequences, and up to the very last week seemed likely, in an eminent degree, to bear good fruit for years to come. Union, confidence and good cheer had been secured; the church edifice had been enlarged, renovated and made attractive; accessions to membership had encouraged the hope of still greater increase. The pastor has just received the hearty and generous congratulations of his parishioners on the auspicious event which made him at least twice as strong as he was before.

It seemed a pity—almost a wrong—that so brief and hopeful a pastorate should come abruptly to a close. Yet a call has come to which our brother has felt constrained to listen. It was unexpected, unsolicited, out of the line of any thought or wish of his. But it is to a very important work, and one for which he appears to have had a providential preparation. At the same time it opened a prospect of his being able to clear himself from obligations which weigh upon his mind, and might seriously interfere with his freedom and comfort in his ministerial work.

We are glad to have evidence that, in the action which their pastor has been constrained to take with reference to his call, the people here have discovered his frankness, his high and quiet sense of honor, and have met his unwelcome resignation in a spirit of confidence and good will. We cannot, therefore, do otherwise than testify to the orderliness of these proceedings, while we regretfully recognize the pastoral relation as ceased.

We commend our brother, the Rev. William C. Merritt, to the confidence of the ministry and churches of Christ everywhere, and especially in that field of labor—now so critically circumstanced—on the Hawaiian Islands. May the blessing of God accompany him, and make sure to him his approval.

We pledge to this church our hearty sympathy, co-operation and prayer. In their loss we feel the sense of loss ourselves. We cannot do otherwise than expect that the providence which has suddenly disappointed them will soon appoint them a pastor who will lead them still forward in the work which is assigned them in this growing community.

The following resolutions were drawn up by a committee of the church in Woodland, at its request.

WHEREAS, The Rev. W. C. Merritt, who has been pastor of the Congregational church of Woodland for the past year, and has been called to and accepted another and larger field of usefulness; therefore,

Resolved, That the Congregational church and society of Woodland appreciate his services as pastor and acknowledge the value of his labors in their spiritual and temporal prosperity.

Resolved, That while we sever our pastoral relations with him with regret, yet we fully approve of the honorable course he has taken in consulting us before taking this step.

Resolved, That we cheerfully recommend him to all Christian organizations with which he may be called to labor, and to every follower of Christ, as an earnest and faithful disciple, entitled to the love and fellowship of every believer. And that while we sorrow to see the tie broken that bound us to him, yet we feel that the cause of Christ will be advanced to the Church universal, and we send him away, with our blessing and our prayers to his new field of labor.

E. G. GILBERT,
J. Y. DILLON,
Committee.

Passage to General Association.

The Committee have made arrangements for passage to Santa Cruz as follows: Price for round trip, four dollars, by either line. The number by each line must be made about equal.

Leave as follows:—By Narrow Gauge on Tuesday morning, Oct. 9th, at 3:30; by ferry, as foot of Market St., or take the cars in Oakland on 14th street, at 8:45, arriving at Santa Cruz at 12:25.

By Broad Gauge take special car at corner Townsend and Fourth streets, at 10:45. Twenty minutes allowed for lunch at Gilroy at about 2 o'clock, arriving at Santa Cruz at 4:02. The special tickets are now on hand, and must be obtained of the Committee at the office of THE PACIFIC No. 7 Montgomery Avenue. All clergymen, delegates, ladies of the Woman's Board, and others who go especially to attend the Association, are entitled to tickets.

The Committee is obliged to exercise some power in selling an equal number of tickets for each line, and will therefore request all persons from Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda to go by the Narrow Gauge line. In order to give pleasure to all who make this excursion, the Committee will recommend that the parties going by one line exchange tickets at Santa Cruz with those who go by the other line, and thus secure for all a passage by each route. Tickets will be good on return for any day or train up to Monday evening, the 15th.

No stop-over privileges will be allowed

on these tickets. Services will commence at the Congregational church on Tuesday evening, at 7:30. Sermon by Rev. C. A. Savage of Berkeley, after which the organization of the Association will take place.

Tickets should be secured as early as possible, that the Committee may know what arrangements to make, and report to the friends at Santa Cruz.

J. H. WARREN,
W. C. POND,
S. A. CHAPIN,
Committee.

Y. M. C. A.

THIRD ANNUAL STATE CONVENTION OF CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 20th, 1883.

The Third Annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of California and the Pacific Coast will be held with the Association at San Jose in the First M. E. church, October 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th, 1883, commencing with the welcome meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 25th, at 7 o'clock.

The various local and College Associations are urged to send large delegations, and from cities and towns where no Association exists, a pastor and one layman of an evangelical church are requested to be sent as delegates. Free entertainment will be provided by the friends at San Jose for all who present regular credentials. Those expecting to avail themselves of this hospitality will please notify Mr. Henry French care of the Young Men's Christian Association, San Jose, not later than October 20th.

We sincerely hope that the friends of our work in the State and coast will make a special effort to attend this Convention, being present at the welcome meeting, and remaining during the entire session. Some of the most able clergymen and lay workers in the State will be present and participate in the deliberations.

The Southern Pacific R. R. will issue round trip tickets to San Jose, good from Thursday, the 25th, to Monday, the 28th, for two and a half dollars (\$2.50). In order to avail themselves of these rates, delegates all must leave this city in a body on the afternoon of Thursday, the 25th, at 3:30 o'clock, from the depot, corner Fourth and Townsend Sts. Tickets must be secured of Mr. McCoy at the Association building, 232 Sutter street.

The past year has been one of special blessing and of marked growth in our work, and we meet thus in Convention for the purpose of extending its influence during the coming year, making it more thorough and efficient by the discussion of practical plans and methods for reaching the thousands of unconverted young men to be found in our midst. The large numbers of young men who are coming to this coast, the special and successful efforts being put forth by Satan for their ruin, and the apathy of many professed Christians, makes the necessity for our work exceptionally imperative.

In view of this fact, therefore, dear brethren, we need your presence with us, and we also need an interest in your prayers from now until the time of the Convention, for the presence of the Holy Spirit in all its sessions. We would not close this call without returning devout thanks to our Heavenly Father for the blessings vouchsafed during the past year, and praying for heavenly wisdom to guide us in all the future of our work. Hoping that we may have the pleasure of your presence with us, we remain,

Yours in the Master's service,
Peter B. Simons, Rev. M. M. Gibson, D. D., A. B. Forbes, Henry J. McCoy, S. D. Fuller, Rev. J. Q. At Henry, J. M. Buffington, Ezra S. Fowler, C. W. Kinsey, Committee of Arrangements.

NOTE.—All communications should be addressed to Mr. Henry French, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, San Jose, California. Pastors not receiving the above circular may secure a supply by addressing H. J. McCoy, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco.

Home Missionary Col.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 71 Montgomery Avenue.

"Dime Shares."

We have received sample cards or certificates of "The Dime Share Emergency Fund," duly signed by the Secretaries and Treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society. We will agree to supply every scholar of our Congregational Sunday-schools in this district with these tokens of personal interest in the great work which these Dime Shares propose to advance. Ought not every child in every family and Sunday-school to have at least a share? In what other way can our children best promote the highest welfare of our country? "Agents are wanted." We are told, in every church and school to dispose of the whole stock. Who will not fully endorse what is said in the *Home Missionary* for October:

"We wish many to have a part in this work, which is to mark a new epoch in American Home Missions. That the children may be largely interested in it, 'Dime Share Cards' have been prepared for them. Samples of these cards will be mailed to any pastor, superintendent or teacher, who will furnish us the required address. We will also supply any number of cards to be filled out by teachers, whose names are for publication. 'But to all who mend the map is not for us to as this fund above the rest and as our work already laid out that the church the sooner a pastors enter better for us. 'So we rep Home Mission are you ready once to devote success? The Saratoga, with \$12,995.04, already been will be. Du with the pec cash receipts those Saratoga little more than 'The 'more than good ending, fidently leav schools and

ply any number be filled out by teachers, whose names are for publication. 'But to all who mend the map is not for us to as this fund above the rest and as our work already laid out that the church the sooner a pastors enter better for us. 'So we rep Home Mission are you ready once to devote success? The Saratoga, with \$12,995.04, already been will be. Du with the pec cash receipts those Saratoga little more than 'The 'more than good ending, fidently leav schools and

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A good ask all the ciation to b ports of fel whether) perceptibly ness, or oth day? If we peal, if it real and field."

Rev. Jo turned to v vacation in preached in last Sabbath held in the know. W

Rev. Sp Auburn, w of ill-health the train a Colorado

Home Circle.

"All the Same."

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I know a darling baby girl—
Miss Clytie is her name—
She has the cutest little way
Of ending anything she'll say
With three words—"All the same."

We tell her she's an angel child,
That straight from heaven she came;
She'll listen, wondering the while,
And then she'll answer with a smile,
"I'm Clytie, all the same."

Again she's naughty, and we scold;
She meekly bears our blame;
Pouts just a little, hides her face,
And then asserts with matchless grace,
"You love me, all the same."

Sometimes we laugh when we should frown—
I own it to our shame.
I tell her to put down my pen;
She minds, but says, "Thome day again
I'll take it, all the same."

All sweetness and all mischief both
Dwell in her fairy frame;
And anything she may do—
Alas! I think she knows it, too—
She's charming, "all the same."
—[Young People.

Charming Girls.

The most charming woman in Queen Victoria's court, a few years ago, was one whose features were homely, and whose eyes were crossed. The secret of her attraction lay in a certain perpetual brightness in her dress, the turn of her mind, and her temper.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, when an old, sickly, ugly woman, could so charm men that a stranger, meeting her in a stage-coach, followed her for miles post-haste, to return a parol which she had dropped. The charm lay in her bright vivacity of manner, and the keen sympathy which she showed through her features.

Margaret Fuller also possessed this magnetic sympathy, in spite of her enormous egotism. Men and women, the poor and the rich, felt themselves drawn to open their hearts, and pour out their troubles to her. Yet Margaret was an exceptionally homely woman.

The popular belief among young girls is that it is only a pretty face which will bring to them the admiration and love which they naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a larger sale than those written that give rules for beauty, recipes to destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of the nose, or the color of an eye. But any girl, by daily baths and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair, nails and teeth can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day, to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as a model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant, I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feel ugly all the time, he looks ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as of John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil between us and other men is true in fact.

Every hidden propensity or vice, every noble trait or feeling, leaves its marks on the features, the expression, the eyes. Day by day and hour by hour, line after line, here a little and there a little, it is recorded on the face as on a tablet, and when we reach middle age, there is a story of our lives plainly written, so that he who runs may read. It is not cosmetics, nor rouge, nor depilatories, girls, that will make your faces as you grow older; but the thoughts and words and deeds that have given you the ugliness of Hecate, or the "lineaments of Gospel books."—[Youth's Companion.

An Attempt to Capture George Washington.

Clinton, it is known, made many attempts to capture Washington, believing that if he was taken prisoner the war would be brought to a successful close. He well knew that he was the pillar of fire by night and the pillar of cloud by day to the struggling patriots, and that the news of his being a prisoner in the hands of the British would not only totally dishearten the impoverished colonists, but pale the energies of their friends in the English Parliament. How many schemes were attempted we shall probably never know. We only know that Washington received many letters warning him of his danger. He doubtless had many narrow escapes, the plans of the enemy being thwarted either by the warning that he received, or from unforeseen circumstances—all the work of that Divine Providence that from his first entrance into the army had watched over him. That he has not left a record of some of these in detail is not very singular, when we remember the character of the man; but the following has been handed down by the inhabitants residing near these headquarters at the time. No road at this period ran along the river from Newburgh south to New Windsor, though both are on its shore, and only a mile apart. A bold bluff one hundred feet or more high made an almost precipitous descent to the river nearly the entire way, rendering the construction of a road a very difficult and expen-

sive work. But midway between the two places the Quassaick creek burst through this heavily wooded bluff, and plunged into the river between banks more than a hundred feet high, revealing a dark and gloomy gorge.

Two or three hundred feet from the shore this chasm swung back on one side in a huge semicircle, inclosing a sweet little valley which is known as the Vale of Avoca. In this secluded valley lived a man named Ettrick. Behind his house the hill rose gradually, and stretched away to the west, the chasm gradually lessening in depth, till at the distance of half a mile or more it became so low and narrow that it was spanned by a bridge. Though Ettrick's house lay within short canon-shot of Washington's headquarters, and in a line almost directly south, and about the same distance from the river, it required a circuit of nearly two miles to reach it by road. The tide set up the creek close to the dwelling, and a boat from it could be sent by strong rowers into the Hudson in five or ten minutes. In an hour more it could be carried into the gorge of the Highlands, and in less than an hour after to the British ships that lay below West Point. In fact, a boat well manned could get within British protection in less than two hours after leaving Ettrick's house. It will be seen, therefore, that if Washington could be decoyed into Ettrick's house and captured, he would be under the British guns before ever he was missed at his own headquarters. The plan was to have a strong guard come up in the night and lie concealed in this gloomy gorge, and seize Washington while at dinner at Ettrick's house, to which he had been invited. Ettrick professed to be a warm patriot, though some looked on him with suspicion. Whether he was really a traitor from sympathy with the Tories or became corrupted by British gold is not known. He was visited stealthily by Tories, and his daughter overheard them talking together one day about taking Washington prisoner. Soon after, her father told her that he had invited Washington to dine with him on a certain day. She immediately connected this with the conversation she had overheard, and suspected it was a plot to capture Washington. She at once sought a private audience with the latter, and telling him her suspicions, requested him not to come to dinner. He, however, determined to ascertain definitely if there was such a black-hearted traitor within his lines, and within hearing of the bugles of his own headquarters. So on the day appointed he rode around to Ettrick's, but ordered a detachment of his Life-Guard, dressed in English uniform, to follow at some distance, and never lose sight of the house, and about the dinner hour, which was late, to march up to it. They did so, and Ettrick, mistaking them for the British and Tories, stepped up to Washington, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, "General, I believe you are my prisoner!" "I believe not, sir; you are mine!" was the reply as the Life-Guard filed rapidly into the room. He was immediately marched off and locked up. This threw the daughter into a paroxysm of grief. She had not anticipated such a result. She had given no positive information—simply told her suspicions to Washington, and asked him to stay away from dinner. She did it to save Washington and spare her father, but not to bring the latter to the gallows; and she besought the former not to repay her fidelity by hanging her father. If it had been a personal matter he could easily have forgiven it, but the blow was aimed at his country, and that he would not have forgiven in an only son. Still, every instinct of his heart revolted against rewarding so cruelly the devotion of his daughter. His whole noble, chivalric nature was aroused when she besought him not to repay her for saving his life by devoting her to a fate infinitely worse than death. It was an act that it was simply impossible for him to do, and though terribly pressed by the sense of duty to his country, he resolved to keep the whole matter secret, except, perhaps, as he consulted with a few personal friends, and released the traitor on the condition of his leaving the country. This he accepted, and fled to Nova Scotia, and nothing is known of his subsequent fate. —[J. T. Headley, in Harper's Magazine for October.

The Key to Carlyle's Genius.

In the lately published Emerson and Carlyle correspondence, there is a passage from Emerson's note-book, upon Carlyle, that may well serve to start us upon our course in this essay. "He has," says Emerson, "manly superiority rather than intellectuality; 'there is more character than intellect in every sentence.' This fact, with the consequent steep inclination of all Carlyle's faculties towards personality or personal prowess, affords the master-key to him, to his life, his works, his opinions, and is a brief summary of much that I have written upon him. He was a man of vehement and overweening conceit in man. A sort of anthropological greed and hunger possessed him, an insatiable craving for strong, picturesque characters and for contact and conflict with them. This was his ruling passion (and it amounted to a passion) all his days. He fed his soul on heroes and heroic qualities, and all his literary exploits were a search for these things. Where he found them not, where he did not come upon some trace of them in books, in society, in politics, he saw only barrenness and futility. He was an idealist who was inhospitable to ideas; he must have a man, the flavor and stimulus of amply concrete personalities. —[John Burroughs, in the August Century.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.

Pussy and the Parrot.

Gautier, a French writer, had a cat who was accustomed to live in perfect intimacy with him, sleeping at his feet on his bed; dreaming on the arm of his easy chair while he was writing; following him in his garden as he walked up and down the long avenues; keeping him company at meals, and not unfrequently intercepting the morsel on the road between the plate and the lips.

One fine day a friend setting out on his travels left his parrot in his charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight, and tried to gather up all the strays and waifs of natural history which she might have picked up on the roof, or in the yard and the garden.

Gautier followed her thoughts in her large green eyes, and read there clearly the words, "It must be a green chicken!" Thereupon pussy jumped down from his writing-table, and assumed, in a dark corner, the air of a panther in the jungle lying in wait for a delicate deer; crouching flat down, the head low, the back stretched out at full length, the elbows out, and the eyes fixed immovably on the bird.

The poor parrot had followed all her movements with nervous anxiety; he raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws, and prepared for war.

The cat lay still, but Gautier read again in her eyes, "No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat."

Suddenly her back was arched like a bow that is drawn, and with one superb bound she was on the perch. The parrot, seeing the great danger, lifted up his sharp, eager voice and screamed out, "Have you breakfasted, Jack?"

The voice frightened pussy out of her wits. A trumpet sounded in her ears, a pile of crockery breaking near her, a pistol fired close to her head, could not have frightened her more terribly.

All her ideas were overthrown. Her eyes said clearly, "This is not a chicken; this is a gentleman." The cat cast an anxious glance at her master, leaped down in sheer terror and hid under the bed, from whence no threat and no caress could bring her out for the day.

A Wonderful Memory.

Many literary men have had remarkable memories. Lord Macaulay was said never to forget any thing he ever read. Dr. Addison Alexander, of Princeton, could repeat whole pages after a single reading; and Walter Scott had a similar power, judging from the following anecdote:

Sir Walter was blessed with a wonderful memory. On one occasion he was walking with Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), when the latter said to him, "Do you remember that I once recited a long poem of my own composition at your table?"

"Oh, yes," said Scott, "I remember it distinctly."

"How I wish," said Hogg, "that I could recall it, for, very foolishly, I destroyed the only copy I had."

Sir Walter replied—

"Let us sit down upon this grand bank, and see how much of it we can call to mind."

So they seated themselves upon a grassy slope; and Scott commenced the poem and related every line of it verbatim, although he had heard it but once, and that several years previous. Hogg was overcome with delight at being able to welcome home one of his long lost poems.

"I AM HERE, PAPA."—On the steamboat on which I returned to Naples from Ischia, on Friday, there were five victims disinterred after one hundred and twenty hours of a living tomb, but still alive. A boy of twelve had just been found, not hurt, but wandering among the ruins looking for the spot where his home had been. I asked him whom he had lost. "The're all gone," he said, "father and mother and everybody." The girls, who had been buried for three days, when they were dug out: "Ah! you don't know what it is to be buried in the dark for ten hours." They had no idea of the real time which had elapsed. One of the most touching incidents which came under my knowledge was that of a father distractedly urging on the work of the excavators on the spot where he had lost his little son. He was calling the child's name in hoarse and trembling tones, when suddenly a little voice was heard from amidst the broken masonry: "I am here, papa. Don't be afraid! take courage." —[Naples letter to Philadelphia Bulletin.

BATHING IN SALT LAKE.—In the water of Salt Lake a bather can lie on the surface of the water without any exertion whatever, or by passing a towel under his knees and holding the two ends he can remain in any depth of water kneeling, with the head and shoulders out of water, or by shifting it under the sole of the feet he can sit on the water. The one exertion, in fact, is to keep one's balance; none whatever is required to keep afloat. The only danger, therefore, arises from choking by accidentally swallowing some of the water, for the strength of the throat is so intense that the muscles of the throat are convulsed, and strangulation ensues. All the same, I have myself dived several times into Salt Lake, and have survived. —[Phil. Robinson, in October Harper's.

Russia has of late years been suffering from the reckless cutting down of its forests to such an extent that the Minister of Domains is now of the opinion that it is time to return to the doctrine of Peter the Great, who placed the forests under imperial administration, an arrangement which was abolished by Catherine II. in favor of the nobility.

Do not defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Confidence furnishes more to conversation than wit or talent.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

A man may be too well learned for practical usefulness in life, as a soldier may be too well armed for usefulness in the field.

It is an excellent thing when men's religion makes them generous, free-hearted and open-handed, so that to do a thing that is paltry and sneaking. —[M. Henry.

Sigior Brignoli has composed a march and serenade. He's got it wrong end to the march follows the serenade when her father and the dog are coming out of the house.

Seventy-four persons were received into the communion of the mission church in Adana, Central Turkey, on June 3d. Twenty or thirty more were expected at the next communion.

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him and to imitate him, as we may, by possessing our souls of true virtue. —[St. Augustine.

Every one in this world has his or her share of troubles and trials. Let us, then, try as much as we are able not to increase the burden of any by as much as the weight of a straw.

"Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marveled, and they took knowledge that they had been with Jesus." —[Acts of the Apostles.

One hotel in Albany has a knotted rope at every window for guests to let themselves down by. The proprietor has been offered \$100 to descend this way from the third-story window, but he declines with thanks. —[Detroit Free Press.

If the average Congressman will be as fortunate in evading the questions of his constituents when he returns home as he was in dodging important issues during the session, he will be blessed indeed. —[Philadelphia Times.

News for the little folks: A bright youngster of five years, being told that his new step-mother—his second one—would be a good mother to him, replied with a satisfied air: "My father always gets good mothers for me."

A country curate complained to old Dr. South that he received only five pounds for preaching a certain sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the doctor; "I wouldn't have preached that sermon for fifty!"

This country ought to be proud of the fact that the largest kind of a flood requires twenty days in which to travel from the Allegheny to the lower Mississippi. There is nothing small about this country, except its estimate of some things at Washington. —[Philadelphia Times, Ind.

The other day a would-be-fashionable lady called at a neighbor's when she thought it would be about supper-time. "Come in," said the neighbor; "we are having tableaus." "I'm so glad," said the visitor; "I thought I smelt 'em, and I like 'em better than anything else for supper."

De Payne (who has donned his Knickerbocker for a call at a neighboring hotel): "My good man, can you tell me if I'm on the right road to the Sunnyside Pavilion?" Native: "Yes, stranger, you be; but ye' better roll down your pants before ye come in sight of the house, 'cos ye might shock the wimin folks."

Two commercial travelers comparing notes: "I have been out three weeks," said the first, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," said the other. "I have been out four weeks and have only got one order; and that's an order from the firm to come home."

Mrs. Summerbreeze's new girl was told to watch that turnover while her mistress ran across the street. When the lady returned the turnover was burned to a crisp, and the girl remarked: "Shure, I've watched it, mum, but it hasn't turned over yet."

When a lady in Chelsea sent to London for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," answered the M. D. "I happen to have another patient in the neighborhood, and can thus kill two birds with one stone."

Complimentary: "What sorter picture do you call that?" asked an Arkansas farmer, pointing to a terra cotta bust of Charles Dickens. "That is the bust of Charles Dickens." "Intended to look like him, ain't it?" "Oh, yes."

"Wall, I can sympathize with him; for I lived in the swamps a long time myself. Zoums, how bilious he must have been when that thing was tuck!"

An eccentric Cornish preacher was on one occasion met by a member of the Society of Friends. "Mr. Bray," said the kind-hearted quaker, "I have observed thy unselfish life, and I believe the Lord would have me help thee, so if thou wilt call at my house I have a suit of clothes to which thou art very welcome if they will fit thee." "Thank'ee," said Billy, "I will call, thee need have no doubt that the clothes will fit. If the Lord told thee that they were for me they're sure to fit, for he knows my size exactly."

Tenistogo, Canada West, Ont., October 30, 1882.
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WM. H. DUGAN.
Please send soon.

West Sandlake, N. Y., October 30, 1882.

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Busy Here and There. (1 Kings ii: 40.)

Have you not heard the story of old, That the son of the prophet to Ahab told? Of the Syrian captive, left to his care; And while he was busy, here and there, The captain was gone, he knew not where; And King Ahab answered, as he heard it all, "As thou hast spoken, so stand or fall."

May not the parable, old but true, Contain a lesson for me and you? Chances of service, so grand and rare, Like the Syrian captive, are left to our care; But we are so busy, just here and there; Absorbed in earth's trifles, we're hurrying on, And when we have leisure, our "captive" is gone.

Oh, soldiers of Jesus! shall we idly stand While sin and its allies are still in the land? Have we no "captive" for Jesus to-day, When Satan is leading so many away? Shall we not win just one while we may, Souls all around us, immortal and fair, May be lost, while we're busy here and there.

Time is too precious to fritter away; Life is too short, it may end with today; Christ calls for volunteers, valiant and true, To do with their might whatsoever they do; To rescue the lost, be they many or few, In his presence, Christians, will we dare To say "Lord, I was busy here and there."

Seek first His kingdom; may this be our care, To be busy for Jesus, just here and there. Sending His message to every land, Scattering the seed with a bold, fearless hand, Sowing by all waters, ne'er idly stand, Then at his appearing a crown we shall wear If for him we've been busy, just here and there.

Bearing Good News to an Army.

HOW CAPT. RICKS SPREAD THE TIDINGS OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

The Veteran Soldiers' and Sailors' Association of this county, which is composed of some of the best and most public-spirited citizens in the county, has been an organization for a number of years. A room that had been secured in the City Hall to be used as headquarters and a meeting-place was dedicated last evening. At an early hour a large number of the veterans, with their wives, children and friends, gathered at the room. President W. A. Ludlum called the meeting to order and welcomed all in the name of the Association. Capt. A. J. Rick's was called on for reminiscences of the war, and, with an apology for placing himself in such a conspicuous position, related in a stirring manner the way in which he conveyed the news of Lee's surrender to a great army. The incident has never been published before, and, as the Captain related it in a spirited, vigorous manner, it is appended in the exact words he used:

"An incident of peculiar interest to me happened near the close of the war, which is relevant to the subject assigned to me, and may prove of interest to you. On a bright day in April, 1865, Major-General J. D. Cox, commanding the Twenty-third Army Corps, with his staff and escort, was riding leisurely at the head of the marching column on the road to Raleigh. The latest news we had had from Grant was of the fierce struggles about Richmond—its evacuation and Lee's flight toward Central Virginia. We were pushing on toward Raleigh to prevent a consolidation of Johnson's and Lee's armies, and, though hourly expecting news of important movements, we had no expectation of any decisive victory. As I was riding by the General's side, speculating as to Johnson's probable movements, an orderly from General Sherman's headquarters rode slowly towards us, bearing a message. General Cox opened it in the usual manner and read it over as he would have done an ordinary official communication. There was nothing in the manner of the messenger to indicate that he was the bearer of any unusual or important news, and he sat listlessly on his horse while a receipt was being written for the message. Happening then to cast my eyes toward the General I noticed his face to suddenly brighten, and in great excitement he turned and directed that the escort and staff be drawn up in line, that he might read to them a message from General Sherman. It was done in a hurry; and with head uncovered he read a brief dispatch that said General Lee, with his entire army had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. It was the message long looked for, long fought for; and though it came to us on the roadside, so unexpectedly, its full significance was at once appreciated. It meant home and wife and children and happy meetings throughout the land. Such cheers as rang through that North Carolina pine thicket from the headquarters' staff and escort of a battalion of cavalry were never heard before or since. Before the message was read, General Cox ordered all hats off and throats cleared for three rousing cheers. Our horses' reins were loosened and thrown on their necks, and hats were off as quick as ready hands could catch them.

"As the cheers rang out quick and sharp, my horse became frightened, and quick as a flash he whirled around, and before I could gather my bridle reins to check him he was at full speed, heading toward the approaching column. I had hardly checked his rapid strides when the thought flashed upon me that it would be a glorious thing to carry the news to the 20,000 men of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps, who were marching on the road before me all unconscious of the glad tidings that awaited them. It needed no second thought. Spurring up and giving free reins to the excited horse he flew over the ground like a bird, seeming to know that a ride of unusual significance was before him. Soon I came in sight of the first of the column, Major-General Couch and staff heading the Second Division. They had heard our cheers, and as they saw me coming down the road at full speed, with hat off, waving for a clear road by which to pass to the rear, they opened ranks to the right and left, and opened a clear passage in the center of the road. As soon as I was within shouting distance I cried out: 'Lee, with his whole army, has surrendered to Grant! Make way for the

bearer of the glorious news!' Then their wild cheers rang out to swell those of the headquarters, which could still be heard at my rear. But a few rods back of General Couch and his staff was the head of the Infantry column—the One Hundred and Eleven Ohio Regiment. The men saw how the right of way had been quickly given to the horse and rider by General and his escort in front of them, and as I waved to them to open ranks and give me the roadway, they responded with a will, and breaking to the right and left gave me a straight, open road to the rear. At the head of the column, and as often and fast as I could repeat it to the anxious listeners, with horse at full speed, I cried out, with the waving of my hat: 'Lee has surrendered with his whole army to Grant!' Onward I pressed my way through the surging ranks, before me an open road lined on each side with anxious men, leaning forward to catch the first sound of the good news they were all so impatient to hear, behind me a wild, exultant, indescribable crowd of men suddenly transformed into lunatics, if they were to be judged by their actions, pounding each other with knapsacks, waving blankets on the points of their bayonets, pounding canteens with belt-buckles, and making a pandemonium of sounds and a circus of tumbling and vaulting. It was news that needed no explanation. It carried a world of joy and relief to those brave men, upon whom the long suspense of weary marches and indecisive battles was wearing. It meant a speedy end of marching under a hot Southern sun with heavy knapsacks, and a happy reunion at home. It meant but few more, if any, bloody battles, with the chances of war leaving them crippled or dead upon the field, and the wild plaudits of a grateful people released from the throes of war. It meant good-bye to tent and camp, and the wild exultation of the homeward march, with streets filled with joyous friends and banners flaunting from every house-step and window in the dear old home town, where messages of love and prayers for safe return had followed them from the first day of their enlistment. It meant no more nights on picket duty, but a final happy reunion around the old hearthstone, where home and all its blessings awaited them. Such was the meaning of those brief words that I cried out with such wild excitement to 20,000 men; and for eight miles, through rank of infantry regiments, through batteries of artillery, by the ambulance and hospital trains, rode the one man to whom every ear was turned, the one bearer of tidings whose voice filled every heart with joy and gratitude.

"I wish I had the gift to tell you of all its striking points; of how differently strong men gave expression to their joy. Some were too much overcome to speak; some shouted themselves hoarse, while others cried; some were wild with their demonstrations; some were calm and thoughtful, and secretly breathing a prayer for their safe deliverance from the long series of dangers to which they had been exposed. All Northern Ohio soldiers know General Jack Casement, of Painesville. At the top of a hill, as I neared the end of my long ride, I saw the little General anxiously looking for the bearer of the good news; for long before I could be seen the men could hear the wild cheering from the head of the column gradually growing louder and nearer, so that they knew some news of unusual importance was coming by the hands of some bearer. As I came within hailing distance he recognized me, and cried out: 'Rick's, what is it? For God's sakes, what is it?' I had grown so hoarse from constant repetition of the message in the midst of such great noise and confusion that I could scarcely speak aloud, but when I got near enough I again repeated: 'Lee has surrendered, with his whole army, to Grant.' Quick as a flash he clapped his heels together, and, with a wild yell, turned a complete somersault in the road, and ran back to his command—a part of the Third Division which had just drawn from off the road for dinner. The assembly was immediately sounded, and beginning with the officers and band of the First Regiment, and followed by the field officers and color-bearers, we marched down the regiment front and so along each succeeding regiment, the men cheering and the colors waving.

"The quick wit of the soldier is proverbial; but I never heard a more striking proof of it than on the occasion I am describing. In one of the regiments, as I was sweeping through the ranks, I caught the bright face of a soldier leaning out from the lines as far as possible into the road to catch the first sound from my lips. 'What is it? What is it?' he anxiously shouted. 'Lee has surrendered, with his whole army, to Grant,' was the reply. Clear and loud, above all the voices, and as quick as the message fell upon his ears, was his answer: 'Great God! you're the man I've been looking for for the past four years.' What a world of meaning there was in that prompt answer! True enough, that was news a whole nation of wearied people were waiting for—that was the message the whole army had been looking for through long campaigns of hard marches and desperate battles; but it took the quick wit of a bright soldier to express it tersely and apply.

"Near the rear of the corps I found the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Regiment on the roadside. The wild cheering of the soldiers had attracted the attention of some ladies who lived near by. Some children had run out among the men, and their mothers, in great excitement, came out to hear the news and rescue their children from the Yankee soldiers. When they heard it they were as much overcome as the 'Yankees' themselves, and one of them, with her long hair streaming in the wind, knelt down in the road, and, clasping her children, thanked God again and again that the dreadful war was over and their father would soon be home. I asked her where her hus-

band was, and she said: 'Oh, with Lee; with Lee.' The touching scene so impressed me that I took the trouble to inquire afterward about the father, only to learn that he had been killed in one of the last battles about Richmond."

—[Cleveland Leader.]

The Secret of Mr. Moody's Success.

At a State Sunday-school Convention, held in Jacksonville, Ill., last May, Mr. Moody in course of a sermon on the "Holy Spirit," related the following experience: "My dear friends, I might go on all night giving you similar cases. I will give you my own experience. I had been a Christian twenty-one years, and had worked in a mission Sunday-school in Chicago. A blessing of God came upon that school, through one of its teachers. This teacher had been very faithful. But we labored then for numbers more than we did for the conversion of souls. This teacher came into the store one day. He had been bleeding at the lungs again, and his doctor had given him up to die. He wore a long, sad face. 'Well, you are not afraid to die, are you?' I said. 'No, I am not afraid to die; but I am afraid to meet my Sabbath-school class before the throne of God. None of them are Christians. If I had been more faithful I might have saved them for Christ.' Before starting home to the East to die, he went and prayed with each of his pupils. I drove him around from one house to another. He knew the names and residences of each one of the pupils. When his strength failed I gave it up for that day, and the next day we started out again, and the next, and the next. Thus for ten days he labored with them, till all were brought to Christ. I suggested that the whole class meet the teacher at the same time. They did, and that night I got a new impulse for heaven, and was full of work. If you could have heard that teacher pray for those scholars, that God would keep them faithful, it would have stirred your heart. Then one and another of the pupils tried to pray, but some broke down in tears. They sang:

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts," and parted. The next night the teacher was to leave. About sundown we went down to the station. There had been no appointment to meet, but there was all the class. They had come down to see their teacher once more. And there, surrounded by the engineer, firemen, conductor, drayman and colored man, they sang:

"Here we meet to part again." "Then the teacher stepped upon the platform of the slowly moving train. As the train moved off it presented a picture I never shall forget. I shall never forget how he pointed to yonder sky, saying: 'Meet me there.' Oh, I went to work for Christ as I never went to work before.

"After a while they got me into committees. I was president of this and that committee, and forgot to work for souls as I should, and at last I lost the power. I preached and preached, but it was beating against the air. A good woman in Chicago, whom I expect soon to see, used to say: 'Mr. Moody you don't seem to have power in your preaching.' Oh, my desire was that I might have a fresh anointing. I requested this woman, and a few others, to come and pray with me every Friday at four o'clock. Oh, how piteously I prayed to God that he might fill the empty vessel.

"After the fire in Chicago, I was in New York city, and going into the bank on Wall street, it seemed as if I felt a strange and mighty power coming over me. I went up to the hotel, and there in my room I wept before God, I cried: 'Oh, my God, stay thy hand.' He gave me such a fullness that it seemed more than I could contain. May God forgive me if I should speak in a boastful way, but I do not know a sermon I have preached since but God has given me some soul. Oh, I would not be back where I was four years ago, for all the wealth of this world. If you would roll it at my feet, I would kick it away like a foot-ball. I seem a wonder to some of you, but I am a greater wonder to myself than I am to any one else.

"These are the very same sermons I preached in Chicago, word for word. It is not new sermons, but the power of God. It is not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel with the Holy Ghost of power. Amen.

"How many here want the baptism of the Holy Ghost? You can get it if you are ready to give up the world, ambition, jostling, and everything but the Spirit of God. Everything else must give way. When Abraham fell on his face, God talked to him. Now, friends, how many want to be emptied of self, of their dignity, pride and falsehood, of everything contrary to the will of God, and be filled with the Holy Ghost? Let all such arise, but don't get up because somebody else does."

Mrs. CARLYLE'S UNHAPPINESS.—John Burroughs says, in the August Century, after reading Mrs. Carlyle's letters: "The tone of the letters is as clear as a bell, not a false note in them; but, apart from the ill-health of which they are the record, they reveal a terribly unhappy mind, and a sort of suppressed life like that of a plant under a stone. The stone, it will be quickly said, as has been said over and over again, was her husband; which is true, but in no sense for which he can be held responsible; every husband, intensely preoccupied, his whole heart and soul in his work, is in the same way a stone to the wife that does not glory in his preoccupation, and who has not ample and worthy outlets and occupations of her own."

He is a fool that spends more money than his receipts.

Tobacco and the Voice.

While tobacco is now well known to injure the system in every possible way, and to an extent not generally appreciated, the voice is affected more than may be supposed. It may not be of any use to induce the habitual consumers of tobacco to give it up, having, as a general principle, lost much decision of character by its degrading influences, but it may be well to warn the young who may be willing to receive advice from older persons. The effect on the voice may be a little more apparent than upon certain other organs. On this point there is the best medical authority in decided condemnation. Dr. Allen says: "Tobacco injures the voice, of which any one can be convinced by observing the harsh, thick, husky mumble and insonorous voice of the confirmed tobacco-user." Prof. Mussey says: "The habitual use of tobacco in any of its forms produces a harsh, squeaking condition of the voice." Dr. Woodward, well known in connection with the Massachusetts Lunatic Asylum, is ever more direct in his opposition to the use of the poison, declaring that "nearly every case of bronchitis and loss of voice is either directly caused or aggravated by the habitual use of tobacco." The testimony of such men of great attainments in medical science, men of experience and observation, is entitled to consideration.

INDIAN HONESTY.—H. H. relates the following in the August Century, of the remnant of the Mission Indians of San Pascual, in California: "During the afternoon, the Indians were continually coming and going at the shop connected with the inn where we had stopped, some four miles from the valley. The keeper of the shop and inn said he always trusted them. They were 'good pay.' 'Give them their time and they'll always pay, and if they die their relations will pay the last cent.' Some of them he would 'trust' any time as high as twenty dollars."

Benjamin Franklin when he started in business for himself as printer, book-seller, etc., a man who was in the same line of business stepped into Franklin's shop one day and said: "I am determined to drive you out of the trade." "Stop!" said Franklin; "see if you can do it. Do you see that?" he said, directing his attention to a black loaf made of barley, "that is what I eat," and, pointing to a glass of water, "that is what I drink, and when you can live upon less than these you can drive me out, and not before." The result of the experiment is well known; Franklin's economy and industry secured for him an easy victory.

The new novel by E. P. Roe is entitled "His Sombre Rivals," and it is said that an edition of 25,000 copies is needed to supply the immediate demand. The scene of the story is laid in the time of the War of the Rebellion. Col. Hasbrouck, of West Point, to whom the author submitted his proofs for criticism, says of his description of the Battle of Bull Run, "It is the best and truest description of that battle that I have yet seen, and the accounts of other actions are truthful descriptions of the fighting in the Civil War."

Rev. Peter Akers, D. D., of the Illinois Conference, was ninety-four years old Sept. 1st. It is probable that he is the oldest Methodist preacher living. On Sept. 2d, he preached to a large audience in Centenary M. E. church, Jacksonville, Ill. A large number of old persons were present, many of whom had heard him preach in their childhood. The sermon was only half an hour in length, probably the shortest ever delivered by him in his long ministerial career.—[Central Advocate.]

The widow of Rev. Eikanah Walker is probably the sole survivor of the women who rode across the plains to Oregon on horseback, in the early days. She resides at Forest Grove, Washington county, and is still in good health. The saddle on which she rode across the plains forty-five years ago is still in her possession. Her son, C. H. Walker, the oldest white person born in Oregon, was with her in Portland on the day of the railroad parade. He resides in Waco county.—[Oregonian.]

A jeweler in Turin has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and it stands in a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5,000.

When you are come to the other side of the water, and have set down your foot on the shore of a glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, you shall then be forced to say, "If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory."

Life, in its very essence, is movement and transition. Not what we have, but what we gain or lose; not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we come and whither we go, constitute its real interest and worth.

Mr. D. O. Mills has presented the State of California with a magnificent piece of statuary, representing Columbus at the Court of Queen Isabella. This art is nine feet high, and cost \$35,000. It will be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol at Mr. Mills' expense.

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Mechanics' Fair at the Pavilion is deservedly popular; and though the attendance may not be quite up to some former years, owing to the Conclave and other attractions, it is good, and there is no evidence that this will not continue to be one of the best and most instructive annual entertainments for years to come.

A two-cent stamp now sends a letter to any part of the Union, and soon we believe the Government will receive as much postage-money as at the old rate, and make as much money. People will send more letters, and it costs less in proportion to transport a large mail than a small one. So this reduction is a wise one, and will be very popular. The people like good things cheap. But what a change is this from the rates in the days of our grandfathers, when it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter by an occasional mail a short distance!

Prof. Nordenskjöld, the Swedish Arctic explorer, has penetrated Greenland to a distance of about 224 miles, farther than any human beings had ever gone before, finding the whole region an ice-desert.

The German military commander of Alsace-Lorraine, the provinces taken from France in the last war, orders that the use of the German language by the judicial and municipal authorities shall be compulsory after January 1, 1884.

Many of the most widely read and influential public journals have, for the first time, arrayed themselves on the side of government telegraphy, and the issue promises to be a vital one in the next Congress. If the Western Union can pay dividends on nearly \$100,000,000 by sending 35,000,000 dispatches in a year, what could the Government do with a system costing probably one-tenth of the Western Union capital, with no buildings, dividends or offices to supply? And what would the people gain by the reduction of telegraphy to its legitimate cost, as has been done with the mails?—*Philadelphia Times*.

A druggist in Paris has lately been condemned to a week's imprisonment and 2,000 francs damages for repeated sales of morphine to a lady, amounting in seventeen months to 693 grammes. His customer at first presented the medical prescription, without which no poisonous drug can be supplied, and on her second purchase produced the same prescription, but after this she went constantly to the shop without bringing any prescription, and she is now in a lunatic asylum. The husband then took legal proceedings, and has recovered damages.—*Weekly Medical Review*.

One-third of the population of the Union is contained within the boundaries of five States, which form a compact section of country between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi river. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have over 17,000,000 inhabitants, according to the census of 1881, and if Missouri is added to the chain—making 20,000,000 inhabitants—the six largest States in the Union are to form one unbroken band. In variety of resources and business interests, as well as in strength of population, they are of themselves an empire.

To the date of advices received from the Arctic whaling fleet, July 20th, the whaling season has been very bad and icy, the worst known for years. Only one disaster of a serious nature has been reported—the loss of the ship *John Howland*, which has been previously chronicled. Several vessels had been nipped by the ice, which extended farther to the south than usual, as it did on the other side, as illustrated by the story of the *Proteus*. None of the fleet have yet arrived. The whales went through the ice before the ships could get through, and they will remain there until the breaking up.

Dr. G. Langendorff denies Donhorff's statement that respiratory movements in insects cease after decapitation. Experiments on bumble-bees, wasps, cockchafers and dragon-flies show that these movements continue in the abdomen after removal of the head, and even of the thorax. Indeed, in some cases, sections of the abdomen of a dragon-fly as small as one ring and a half continued the rhythmic respiration. It is, therefore, evident that the nerve-center for respiration is not in the head. A decapitated cockchafer breathed for an hour. Heat was found to increase the activity of respiration in mutilated as in healthy individuals. Graphic illustrations are given of normal respiration and compared with those obtained from decapitated specimens.

The following is from the *Democrat and Chronicle* (Rochester, New York), of Sept. 23d. In a previous article this paper had taken ground against Dr. Cogswell and his good work. We are glad to see this change of tone and this better appreciation of the honest gift of a beautiful drinking fountain.

"The Cogwell fountain was declared completed yesterday, and a load of ice was put in the reservoir by George M. Dowd, agent for James W. Breakey, and a pure hemlock turned on. All through the afternoon and evening the fountain was the center of new interest, and the thirsty masses freely tested the quality of the water. It was pronounced to be cool and refreshing. Last evening the gas was burning in the four lamps, and the northwest corner of court house square assumed more of the appearance of a drinking fountain and less the appearance of a graveyard. The lamps and standards are quite ornamental in design, and greatly improve the appearance of the fountain."

One hundred and twenty-five of the six hundred Sunday-schools were represented at the last State Sunday-school Convention at Northfield, Vt.

Reports of the wheat already threshed in Michigan indicate a total crop of 23,600,000 bushels in that State.

There are now 48,049 postoffices in the United States, of which number 2,176 are Presidential offices and 6,373 money-order offices. Since the year 1876 the number of postoffices has been increased forty per cent.

The Navy Department, in accordance with the recommendations of the Naval Court-Martial engaged in trying the hazing cases, has issued orders dismissing naval cadets Benjamin Trappell, Archibald Campbell, Ellsworth P. Bertholf and Franklin Moeller.

The American Sunday-school Union has issued a circular containing a programme for the observance of the two days now set apart for universal prayer on behalf of Sunday-schools, October 21st and 22d. The circular states that these days "are now generally observed by all sections of the Christian Church throughout Europe and America, and even in Asia and Africa."

The American Bible Society, in order to keep up the demand caused by its general canvass of the country, is turning out more books than ever before, the number being not less than 7,000 a day. It has printed 850,000 of its popular twenty-five-cent Bibles, and 1,850,000 of its five-cent Testaments. The Society has now 348 colporteurs, in thirty-four States and Territories, engaged in this resupply of the country. About one family in six, on the average, is found destitute of the Scriptures, the largest destitution being in the Southern States.—*Christian at Work*.

N. W. Ayer & Son's *American Newspaper Annual* for 1883 contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical order, and by towns in alphabetical order. Then follows a list of all newspapers inserting advertisements, arranged in States by counties, with the distinctive features and circulation of each paper. Also special lists of religious, agricultural and all known class publications. It gives the population of the United States, and of each State, Territory, county and county-seat, the chief cities and towns, and of nearly every place in which a paper is published, from the census of 1880. Also similar information concerning the Dominion of Canada, from the census of 1881. It also gives the political majorities and the Greenback vote of States and counties at the Presidential election of 1880. It also contains a carefully prepared description of every county in the United States. On page 6 is given a tabulated statement of newspapers in each of the various sections of the country. On pages 9 and 10 is a list of the cities, towns and villages of the United States having a population of five thousand and upward, arranged in alphabetical order. There is no other single publication within our knowledge which contains information of such varied use and value for general business purposes. Complete in all its departments, thorough in its details, giving just the information needed, and only that, simply arranged, easily referred to, carefully compiled—it is, in fact, a model work of its kind. Price \$3.00, carriage paid.

Sunday-school Lesson for Oct. 2d, 1883.
I Sam. iv: 10-18.

BY REV. WALTER FREAR.
Eli's Death.

Our lesson to-day is the fulfillment of God's Word upon the house of Eli. Twenty years before, in two revelations, one through a man of God and the other through the child Samuel, its doom was pronounced. The judgment came slowly, but it came surely.

During this score of years, while Samuel was reaching the age of thirty-two or three, we only know of him that he grew, and that the Lord was with him, and that all revelations made to him were fulfilled, and that he was thus established on the popular regard as the prophet of the Lord, and that his Word came to all Israel.

All this time Eli was Judge as well as High Priest, and was now nearly a century old. Great and shameful corruptions prevailed. The people were imitating the sons of Eli. There was almost no national government. Samson was playing his mighty pranks on the Philistines, to whom Judah and Simeon and Benjamin had become servants.

Just before the day of our lesson, in a battle at Ebenezer, not far from Jerusalem, God's people had been badly smitten by these terrible oppressors. They now thought that they would compel God to give them the victory. They would take into the battle the holy Ark of the Covenant, which surely the Lord would not let fall into the hands of the hated heathen. It would shelter and shield and save them. Eli's two sons of Belial, full of all lust and pollution, went with it—vile priests and holy ark, a coalition that God never honors! We have its result in our lesson.

V. 10. The Philistines fought desperately. They supposed that the ark was the God of Israel, and when it came into the camp, and shouts rent the air, they remembered the fate of the Egyptians, and greatly feared. They fought for mastery and for their very lives. And God did not fight on the side of sin. He cared more for the penitence and truthfulness of his people than for the ark. He valued the true covenant more than the chest in which the parchment was kept. We could save its kingdom without the ark, but not with the corrupt hearts of his people. However, many

our churches, the battle will go against us if Christ is not in us.

V. 11. The ark was taken. It was a shocking thing, but God could overrule it for the good of his kingdom. He could care for the ark, even when in the hands of the unbelievers. The Saracens took the holy sepulcher, but they did not take the atonement away from men. Modern unbelievers would know no more what to do with the Church of Christ, should they capture it, than did the Philistines with the ark, nor would it advantage them any more.

The judgment was now falling. Thirty thousand of the people were slain for their sin, and the pronounced doom of Hophni and Phineas came. (Chapter ii: 34.) Eli sinned in one way, his sons in another, and the people in another. Their sins were connected, and each suffered in consequence of the other's sin, but each was judged for his own.

V. 12. "There ran a man." The swift runner was in place of an telegraph and railroad. There was eagerness at the capital for news. A trained runner would cover the twenty miles to Shiloh in less than two hours. In the early days of our mission-aries, on Hawaii, runners have been known to bring to their chiefs for their breakfast fish, still alive, that had been caught that morning fifty miles away. It was a wonderful feat of this swift runner brought. He bore the marks of deep mourning as he ran. To the Jews the taking of the ark of God was the outer verge of calamity. It was more appalling than the slaughter of the 30,000. It seemed to indicate to them that all was lost; that their history was ending, that God had left them.

V. 13. Eli sat on his official seat at the entrance to the tabernacle in anxious suspense. With doubting yet yielding heart, he had let the ark go, and he sat there as one fearing a fearful disaster. When the news came a wall went up from the city. The people had dishonored God in his service, religion had declined, and yet now, when they knew that the ark was taken the loss filled them with anguish. Men in Christian lands may neglect and abuse their Christian privileges; and yet should they come to realize that all Christian hope and influence were to be utterly taken from them, they would stand aghast. The little wave of heathenism that has touched our shore has made no little wailing. What would be the shock if a sudden flood of it should sweep the whole land. Religious blessings sometimes brighten as they take their flight.

V. 14-16. How vivid and real is all this! Eli so old, so blind, so easy-going, yet waiting with a trembling heart; so dull to the surrounding irelligion, yet so alert to catch the cry that indicated news from the field, so sightless that he could not see signs of woe on the messenger, yet grasping the full force of the dreadful words.

V. 17. And those words, h quickly they ascend in climax, until they reach the power of a death stroke. The "great slaughter" was dreadful. But that was the issue of war. That might be expected, even if there had not been utter defeat. Thousands have been slain, and yet a nation has rejoiced. "Hophni and Phineas are dead." This was personal grief. Unrepentant, his wicked yet cherished sons had gone to their account. The doom had at last fallen on his house. But all this was yet little compared with what followed. The ark of God was taken. For this his heart had trembled. This meant reproach to God. It meant the scoffing of the surrounding heathen. It meant national disgrace in that which had been to the highest honor of Israel. It was God leaving them to themselves and to their foes.

V. 18. Eli's death speaks well for him, through it was a judgment on his sin of neglect. We think the more of him because of this concern for the divine glory. After all, down deep in his heart, he did at last honor God more than his own sons, though he had not had sufficient strength of character to act upon it in life. His death speaks better for him than his life. Not grief for his sons, but the thought of dishonor to God, killed him. Religion in the end was supreme with him.

But though he was a good man his negligence entailed direful consequences. The sins of even good men are deplorable in their results. A false parental indulgence may in the end prove to be cruelty.

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Mutton—Wethers, 5c; Ewes, 4 to 4½c.

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IF EATING WERE A FELONY

IT COULD NOT BE MORE TERRIBLY PUNISHED THAN BY THE TORTURES OF INDIGESTION, WHY ENDURE THEM? EVERY DYSPYPTIC KNOWS, OR OUGHT TO KNOW, THAT TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT IS A SPECIFIC FOR THE COMPLAINT. WHY, THEN, SUFFER? IT IS SHEER FOLLY. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Plagues of History.

The threatened cholera epidemic has called attention to the great plagues recorded in history, and a glance at some of the events may reconcile us to a grateful feeling for the comparative freedom from pestilence in late years. The earliest plagues of which there are any accounts are those described in Exodus, occurring in Egypt, 1491 B. C. In 534 B. C., there was a plague at Carthage so terrible that parents sacrificed their children to propitiate the gods. In 187 B. C., there was a plague in the Greek islands, Egypt and Syria; people died at the rate of 2,000 a day. In Rome, A. D. 80, 10,000 persons died daily. Another plague at Rome, A. D. 246, took off 5,000 a day. In 430 Britain was scourged so that the living were hardly able to bury the dead. During the years 746-749 Constantinople lost 200,000 of its population. At Chester, England, 772, 34,000 people died, and in 954, Scotland lost 40,000 people. Ireland was sorely visited in 1172 and 1204, and again 1348-9. At that time 200 people were buried daily in London. In 1407 London lost 30,000 citizens. There was a fearful pestilence in Oxford in 1471. The dreadful "sweating sickness" occurred in London in 1506, and again in 1517. In most of the towns half of the people died, and Oxford was depopulated. In 1522 thousands were swept away in Limerick. The sweating sickness revisited England in 1528 and again in 1551. In 1603-4, 30,578 perished of plague in London. Constantinople again lost 200,000 in 1611. In 1625 London lost 35,417 inhabitants. In 1632, Lyons lost 60,000. In 1656 400,000 people died at Naples in six months. In 1664 London's great plague took off 68,596 inhabitants. In 1770, 80,000 inhabitants of Bessora, Persia, died of plague. In 1792, 800,000 persons died of plague in Egypt. In Barbary 3,000 people died daily, and in 1799, 247,000 perished at Fez. Asiatic cholera first appeared in England at Sunderland, October 26, 1831, and in North America at Quebec, June 8, 1832, and in New York, June 22, 1832. It revisited the United States in 1834, slightly in 1849, severely in 1855, and again slightly in 1866-67. In 1829-30, 900,000 people died of cholera in Russia and Germany. In 1848-49 53,203 died of it in England and Wales, and in 1854 these countries lost 20,097, and Naples 10,000 persons. In 1865 50,000 died of cholera at Constantinople. —[Inter-Ocean.

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